McKean County Miner.

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JESSE COSPER MEETS HORRIBLE DEATH MONDAY

Smethport Young Man was at Work in St. Marys Yards.

HIS HEAD CAUGHT IN CAR BUMPERS

Was Coupling Cars and It is Supposed that He Slipped and Fell While Making Connections—Was Fine Young Man—Funeral Held Here Yesterday Afternoon.

Jesse Cosper, son of Mrs. Edward Cosper, of Cemetery street, met with a horrible death while working in the yards of the Shawmut railroad in St. Marys Monday evening.

The young man had been called out Monday afternoon to take the place of one of the regular yard men, who had laid off that day, and was supposed to be through work at 6:30 p. m. During the afternoon he was engaged with a crew in shifting cars about the yard and making up trains. Shortly before quitting time the crew finished up a train with the exception of one coupling and Cosper went between the cars to make the connection. His lantern was seen to fly out, alongside the track as the cars came together and the yardmaster, who was standing nearby, on seeing this, started towards the spot. Just as Cosper staggered from between the cars. The yardmaster caught the young man in his arms and not being able to see him well, owing to the darkness, said, "My God, Cosper, are you hurt?" The young man responded to the question by nodding his head and expired immediately after. His head had been horribly crushed, and death was almost instantaneous.

It is supposed that in going between the cars Cosper slipped and fell forward, his face and forehead being caught between the couplings just as they came together. In addition to these injuries his left arm was broken in two places.

Jesse had been in the employ of the P., S. & N. railroad for about a year and previous to that time had worked for the Pennsylvania railroad and was considered an expert railroad man. He had just recently been promoted to the station of flagman but as he had not been out on a run for two or three days it fell to his lot to be called out for yard duty.

He was highly esteemed in railroad circles and his fellow employes were grief-stricken over his death.

Jesse Cosper was born in Sheffield, Pa., and has resided in Smethoprt for a number of years past. He would have been 22 years old the 16th day of next March. He was a model young man in every sense of the word, being the possessor of a personality which won for him hosts of friends and his untimely death right in the prime of a robust young manhood with a promising future before him, under such sad circumstances, will be sincerely mourned by all. He was industrious and conscientious in all his dealings and was one of Smethport's most popular young men. The Miner unites with many friends in extending condolence to the stricken family. Deceased is survived by his mother, Mrs. Edward Cosper, of Smethport, and two brothers, Floyd Cosper of Smethport, and Merle Cosper of Wellsboro, Pa. Edward Cosper, the father, is living in the west.

The body was brought to Smethport on the 8:45 Shawmut train, from St. Marys and the funeral was held at the Methodist church at 3:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, Rev. J. W. McGavern officiating. The services were largely attended and the floral offerings were profuse and beautiful. Members of the St. Marys lodge of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, of which the deceased was a member, attended the funeral in a body. Interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery.

That the Clarion State Normal School is abreast of the times is evidenced by the special courses offered for the Winter Term. Classes will be organized in Agriculture, Rural Sociology, Methods of Teaching Music and Drawing, and the new School Code will be studied in connection with the work in School Methods. Tuition free; other expenses low. Write to The Principal, Clarion, Pa., for further information.

DR. SARTWELL DEAD.

Well Known Veterinary Surgeon Passed Away in Bradford Monday.

Dr. Roswell Sartwell, a well known veterinary surgeon of Bradford, passed away at his home in that city Sunday morning at 6:15 o'clock of pneumonia, aged 28 years. Dr. Sartwell was taken ill on Tuesday of last week. Everything possible was done in his behalf but in spite of the best of medical attention his condition grew steadily worse until the end came.

Dr. Sartwell entered the University of Pennsylvania after graduating from the Eldred high school, and graduated from that institution in 1909, after a three years course, with high honors. After graduating Dr. Sartwell started to practice his profession in Eldred, but subsequently moved to Bradford and had been located in that city about a year and a half. He ranked high in his profession.

Deceased was a son of Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Sartwell of Eldred, being a grandson of the late Roswell Sartwell of Smethport. He was a model young man who had hosts of friends who will mourn his demise. During his school days Mr. Sartwell was prominent in athletic circles and was known throughout this section as an athlete of prowess. He was a frequent Smethport visitor and had many friends in this place, with whom The Miner unites in extending condolence to the stricken family.

Besides a wife the deceased is survived by his parents. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and of the Bradford Gun Club.

The body was taken to Eldred where the funeral was held and interment made Wednesday afternoon, the last rites being attended by many sorrowing friends.

KILLED BIG BUCK.

John Gifford of Crosby Got Him Near Stone Dam on Tuesday.

John Gifford of Crosby has the distinction of being the first man to kill a buck in this section and while he was at it he brought down one of the largest bucks that has been killed in this section in a number of years, it weighing upwards of 200 pounds. It had five prongs on one horn and four on the other.

Tuesday morning John Gifford, Oscar Helman and Swan and James Bloomster started out on a hunt and when they found that there were so many hunters in the woods they decided to each take a runway and watch for a deer to come to them. Shortly after noon John saw this big buck and although he was quite a distance away, took a shot. The deer ran about one hundred and fifty feet after he was shot and fell dead in Robbins brook, near the old stone dam. When Mr. Gifford and his fellow hunters dressed the animal they found that the bullet had entered the fore shoulder, passed through the heart and come out the other side, and it seems strange that a deer could travel that distance after being shot through the heart. It is said that Sam Hendrickson of Crosby and L. K. Hogarth of this place had started this big buck early in the morning and had followed its track until it was shot, but this does not alter the fact that John Gifford made a good shot and has a big buck to his credit.

ROBBERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Backus Garage Broken Into and Cash Register Looted.

The garage of the Backus Novelty company on Water street was broken into sometime last Saturday night and the cash register looted of about $10.00 in change.

The robbers gained entrance to the garage by breaking out a large window in one of the front doors. There has been no night man at the garage since the regular service was discontinued for the season about two weeks ago and as the building was somewhat isolated the robber or robbers were in little danger of molestation. The cash register is located in the stock room which is partitioned off with wire netting and to gain access to this the door was torn off.

No clue is held to the identity of the robber, but everything points to the job being the product of some of the local talent with which Smethport is burdened, owing to the crude manner in which it was pulled off.

Advertise in The Miner.

NEGLIGENCE CAUSED THE AUSTIN FLOOD.

The Coroner's Inquest Reached Verdict Yesterday.

WARRANTS ISSUED FOR THREE MEN

They Are For President Bayless, Superintendent Hamlin and Dam Watcher Bailey—All are Charged With Involuntary Manslaughter.

Coudersport, Nov. 22.—Gross negligence on the part of George C. Bayless, president; Frederick N. Hamlin, superintendent, and the Bayless Pulp & Paper company as a corporation, is the verdict of the coroner's jury impaneled to determine the responsibility for the bursting of the Austin dam on September 30 and the loss of upwards of 70 lives.

Evidence given by T. Chalkly Hatton, the engineer who designed the dam, it is believed, was the strongest presented at the inquest. Most of Mr. Hatton's testimony was relative to his communications with Mr. Bayless as regards the dam's instability following the flood of January, 1910. He presented a large amount of correspondence with Mr. Bayless. The engineer in his letters protested to an addition to the height of the dam as contrary to his computation of proportion. He objected to the leaving out of the cut-off wall. Finally, in his letters, he advised against the using of the dam after it moved and cracked in January, 1910.

Mr. Hatton testified that when the dam was completed in 1909 he regarded is as very satisfactory, and he was very proud of the job, but that he was deceived in the rock foundation, the looseness of which allowed the water to get under the dam and cause it to move. He saw his mistake when it broke in 1910, and was very anxious to have it remedied by proper reinforcement and repair, but he said he could not induce the Bayless Pulp & Paper company to do the work.

Justice Olmsted delivered a well-prepared charge to the jury at 3:40 p. m., and they retired to his office from the courthouse for deliberation.

Coudersport, Pa., Nov. 20.—Two warrants charging manslaughter in connection with the bursting of the great dam at Austin, Pa., on September 30 with the resulting great loss of life and property damage, were issued to-day. One names George C. Bayless, president of the Bayless Pulp & Paper company which built and owned the dam, and the other is a joint warrant naming Frederick J. Hamlin, superintendent of the Bayless company, and James Bailey, the dam watchman.

Information upon which the warrants were issued was furnished by the Austin-Costello Flood Sufferers' association.

The inquest conducted under the direction of Harry W. Nelson, the district attorney, is not yet closed and the blame for the deaths of upwards of 100 persons is still unfixed by official action of the coroner's jury, but the granting of warrants for officers of the company will spur on action and quick results are anticipated. The defendants will be placed on trial in Coudersport on a charge of manslaughter as soon as the coroner's inquest is completed.

Facts in connection with the construction of the dam which was the barrier between life and death for hundreds of persons living in the valley, proved that due consideration for the safety of lives and property had not been shown.

The dam was finished in December, 1909; its concrete was poured in freezing weather; on completion a crack appeared from top to bottom; in less than a month a second crack showed; in two months leaks started from the toe and through the rock strata.

Experts agreed that the attempt to remedy these alarming conditions was inadequate and that if a certain wall could not have been sunk to impervious strata the dam should have been abandoned.

George M. Miller, a constructor of dams found by the International News Service, showed to the jurors at the inquest a blue print of changes recommended to the Bayless company, but never made because of "expense."

It was shown that George C. Bayless, the president of the company; Franklin J. Bayless, its secretary-treasurer; Fred Hamlin, its superintendent and its directors knew of the life-menacing defects, as evidenced by their slipshod efforts to patch the dam prior to Miller's examination.

Acting along the lines indicated by the International News Service the citizens association working independently of the authorities has been gathering evidence until to-day its specially designated members were able to lay before the courts here evidence which was considered sufficient to justify the issuance of warrants for President Bayless, Superintendent Hamlin and the watchman who is said to have known of the immediate danger of the collapse of the dam on September 30, but who failed to give warning in time to prevent one of the most frightful and inexcusable catastrophes in the history of the country.

Every member of the citizens association is determined to fix responsibility and demand punishment for the loss of lives and property. Governor Tener promised that the guilty should be punished and the association will hold him to that promise in the event that his assistance is needed.

The joint warrant for Superintendent Hamlin and Dam Watchman Bailey have been served but the men were not arrested. Theodore R. Tuthill, general counsel for the Bayless Pulp & Paper company has announced that President George C. Bayless would go to Coudersport, submitting to arraignment on the warrant issue, charging involuntary manslaughter. He will give bail and demand an examination.

ROBBERY AT CLERMONT.

Syrian Peddler Loots Polander's Shanty and Gets Away with $150.

Last Friday night a Syrian peddler stopped at a house occupied by a number of Polish workmen at Clermont, and his departure Saturday morning also marked the disappearance of about $150 of the Polanders' money.

Saturday morning when the occupants of the house arose the peddler came to breakfast in his bare feet. After breakfast he went to the men's sleeping quarters, presumably for the purpose of attiring his pedal extremities, timing his dressing act to the time the occupants of the house were about to leave for work.

The workmen had their money secreted in their trunks, and when left to his own devices in the house, the peddler ransacked the trunks at his leisure and removed therefrom the hard earned shekels of the Polanders and with the net result, about $150, flitted hence—where, the deponent knoweth not—and up to the present time is still flitting. It was not until the men returned from work that the flight and theft were discovered.

County Detective E. W. Jones, of this place, was notified and went to Clermont. Mr. Jones got on the trail of a peddler who answered the description of the one wanted, but after following the man to Brookville found he was not the fellow.

The wanted gentleman is described as being of stocky build, bald headed and wears a black mustache, wore a light suit and brown overcoat. Also has $150 in his possession.

DEATH OF DAVID PARNELL.

Aged Man Passed Away Last Friday on Bank Street.

David Parnell died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. E. R. Amster, on Bank street, last Friday morning, after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. Parnell had been a resident of Smethport for several years and during his residence here made hosts of warm personal friends who will mourn his demise. Mr. Parnell was a man of unusually fine qualities. He was a devout member of the Methodist church and was an Odd Fellow, being a Christian gentleman whose acquaintance was a privilege.

The funeral services were held at the Amster home Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. J. W. McGavern of the M. E. church, officiating. Saturday morning the remains were taken to Tamaqua, Pa., for burial, being accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Amster and son, Joseph, of Smethport, and Enoch and Daniel Parnell of Orchard Park.

Subscribe for The Miner.

OVER ZEALOUS HUNTERS KILL DEER ILLEGALLY

So The Miner is Informed by Reliable Parties.

TWO DOE SHOT IN THIS SECTION.

One Shot at the Head of Irish Hollow—and Still Hangs Suspended to a Tree—Another Doe Killed on Red Mill Brook—Protection is Needed.

During the past week there have been a great many deer hunters in the woods in this vicinity and we understand that some of these hunters have violated the law regarding the killing of does. We understand that a doe was killed south of Irish Hollow and is now hanging up in a tree, the owner not daring to take the carcass away. It is also reported that another doe was killed on Red Mill brook about six miles south of this place one day this week. However, hunters have little cause to fear that any violation of the game laws in this county will be followed with a prosecution, unless our citizens hire game wardens to protect the game and pay the wardens out of their own pockets. Notwithstanding the fact that McKean county has nearly as much game as any county in the state, the State Fish and Game Commission never goes to the trouble of sending a warden up into this section except in summer to watch the depleted trout streams. This section is entitled to better treatment and our sportsmen should make an effort to get it.

SHIRLEY RELEASED.

United States Court Takes Unusual Action in Case of Young Man Who Robbed Kushequa Postoffice—Sentenced Later by County Court.

Evan Shirley, the young man who has been awaiting trial at the county jail in this borough, charged with having robbed the Kushequa postoffice recently, was taken to Warren, Pa., last Thursday for a hearing before United States Commissioner Shawkey. On his appearance before the commissioner it was announced that the United States District Attorney had decided not to prosecute the Kushequa young man and he was accordingly brought back to Smethport and taken before Judge Bouton.

A Warren special of last Friday says: "As strange a decision, probably, as has ever been made in this state, was made public yesterday when United States Commissioner C. M. Shawkey announced, after calling the case of the United States government vs. Evan Shirley of Kushequa, arrested on a charge of robbing the postoffice there of $4 in money and $5 in postage, that the district attorney in Pittsburgh had decided to dismiss the complaint of the federal government because of so long a wait before the grand jury will sit and the expense the government would be to in prosecuting the case.

"In view of the fact that the United States government has made it a rule to prosecute any and every case without regard to expense incurred, the decision to drop the case against Shirley has naturally excited great surprise. A peculiar feature of the case is that the United States district attorney, according to the United Sates commissioner here, suggests that the McKean county authorities take up the case and submit it to the next grand jury. Commissioner Shawkey has notified the McKean county district attorney of his instructions from Pittsburgh."

On being brought before the McKean county court last Friday Shirley pleaded guilty. Judge Bouton accordingly sentenced him to pay a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution and to serve a term of not less than one year nor more than ten years in the Western penitentiary. Sheriff Morrison took Shirley to Pittsbugh Friday to begin his prison term.

Big Manufacturers' Sale

At Holder's Store to commence Nov. 24, for one week, viz., Coats, Suits, Skirts, Petticoats and Furs, now here is a chance for bargains never shown in Smethport. Come early and get the plums. $15.00 Suits for $10.00. Wholesale prices.

1t JAS. TABOR.

CIVIL COURT.

Wind-Up of November Term—Hobo Thanks Court for Sentence.

The November term of civil court, which convened in the court house in this borough last week, adjourned last Thursday, considerable business being disposed of on the last day.

The case of W. L. Shively vs. the Pennsylvania railroad company for damages for the loss of a building due, it was alleged, to flying sparks from a locomotive, was non-suited.

A man about 60 years of age, giving his name as Frank Grimes, caused somewhat of a stir in court when, after being sentenced by Judge Bouton to pay a fine of $10 and to undergo imprisonment in the county jail, in this borough, for four months for larceny, thanked the sentencing judge for giving him a jail term—"God bless you, your honor," said the grizzled knight of the road, "I thank you, sir."

Grimes removed a pair of shoes from in front of a store in Port Allegany recently, and as he committed the theft openly, was arrested and held for court. His plans had been laid beforehand and his joy or receiving sentence by the court was truly sincre.

On being asked by the court why he stole the shoes, Grimes replied: "I took them, your honor, because I was in dread of a long, cold winter. I had no work and no money. My object in stealing shoes was to be arrested and placed in prison. By that means I knew I would be sheltered and fed."

Chas. Stevenson, a hobo, was sentenced to pay a fine of $10, costs of prosecution and to be placed in durance vile at the county rest cure in this borough for a period of two months on a charge of begging from door to door.

Court adjourned for the term at noon to-day and made a record. Not one of the cases acted upon this week was disposed of by the juries in the usual way—each case having been settled by agreement of attorneys and principals, before the jurors had taken matters into their own hands.

A GOOD SHOW.

Vogel's Minstrels Made Hit in Smethport.

Vogel's minstrels appeared at the Lyceum last Friday evening and made a great hit with a large audience.

The company embraces one of the finest collection of minstrel talent ever gotten together and the performance is of an exceptionally high class.

The fun making element this year is headed by Ed. C. Hayes and Harley Morton. These artists not only score heavily in the first part but have very pleasing offerings in the olio. Mr. Hayes as a comedian is really funny and his work possesses an originality and sincerity that places him in the very front rank among burnt cork artists, and keeps the audience in roars of laughter. He presents a distinct novelty in the form of a musical act which introduces a number of clever stunts, and is finely staged, being a strong feature of the show. Mr. Hayes is not only an artist to his finger tips but is a pleasant gentleman to meet personally. Harley Morton presents a rapid-fire line of talk introducing a number of clever songs, which is far away from the beaten path of the material usually doled out by monologue artists and is funny. Mr. Morton is a real artist and made a pronounced hit. Conroy & McCarthy are a clever song and dance team. LaFurroo is a good juggler and wire walker and Toledo & Cameron in an equibilistic and operatic novelty, "The Enchanted Grotto," are old favorites in Smethport and repeated their former hits. The vocal contingent was good and the band and orchestra carried by the company was above the average.

The production was nicely staged throughout, the first part setting in particular being a beautiful masterpiece of stage craft.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

"Heap Much Washee."

Guaranteed work. Prices right. Kane agency. Bell 'Phone 57L.

WM. BROWNELL.

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25 per cent. off all Coats, Suits and Hats at The Lindholm Co. for six days, commencing Sat., Nov. 25th. 1t

SYLVIA SEES THE WORLD

The Vision Revealed Some Evil and More Good

By HOWARD FIELDING

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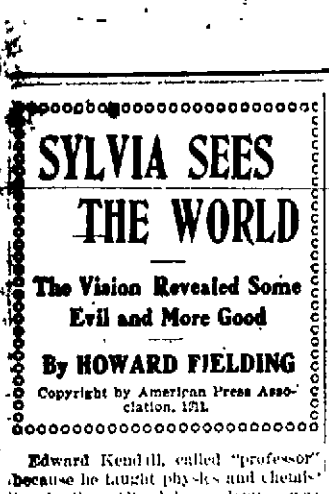
Edward Kendall, called "professor" because he taught physics and chemistry in the Allendale academy, was entertaining a guest on the veranda of his house, whereof he had been the architect and in great part the builder. The house was his pride. It was the fruit of much study and the reward of rigid economy. It contained his laboratory, where he worked cheerfully with the infinite patience of the scientist. He dreamed that it would some day be a home.

The visitor was from the neighboring city of Detroit. His clothes were probably the most expensive ever seen upon a man within the corporate limits of the town of Allendale, and his talk was all of money for Kendall.

"Let me patent this battery of yours," said he, "and form a company"—

"I don't believe in patents," interrupted Kendall, smiling. "They encourage a mercenary spirit. And I don't care much for stock companies of the kind that you would form. Certainly I won't be connected with one of them. The facts about my storage battery



"DO YOU MEAN TO INTIMATE THAT I'M NOT HONEST?"

will all be printed in next month's International Scientist. Buy a copy for 25 cents and you'll be in a position to manufacture the battery."

"But I couldn't control it. And"—

"I don't want you to control it, Mr. Redfield," protested Kendall. "I don't want anybody to control it. I want it to be sold for a reasonable price so that the world can have the benefit, but I suppose some combination of sharks will eventually get hold of it. I can't help that, however. The best I can do is not to be a shark myself."

"Do you mean to intimate that I'm not honest?" demanded Redfield, flushing.

"You've just told me that you'd like to sell my battery to the public for four times what it costs," said Kendall. "Is that honest?"

"What do you pay for the beefsteak that goes down your throat?" returned Redfield warmly. "Can you afford to sell on one system and buy on another? Do others as you will be done, my young friend. That's the moral law today."

The professor's rejoinder was checked by the advent of a young woman who came in by the gate and up to the steps of the veranda. She paused at the top, perceiving then that Redfield was a stranger.

Kendall had taken a strong dislike to Redfield and had no wish to introduce him to any one, least of all to this young woman. Yet he did it without knowing why. The reason lay in the mysterious depths of the feminine nature. Redfield's fine raiment, his air of prosperity and power, the fact that he was different, a novelty, a visitor from the outer world, partly, no doubt, his way of looking at her as if she were in some sense an adversary, a habit of Redfield's—all combined to make Miss Allen desire his acquaintance, and by imperceptible acts she forced an introduction.

Half an hour later the unwelcome guest departed in the direction of the railway station. Kendall, who had been quite out of the conversation since Miss Allen's arrival, said to her in his direct and simple manner: "I am sorry you met him. I think he is not a good man."

"He was very interesting," answered she. "Do you suppose he really can do anything for me in the city?"

"Heaven forbid!" said Kendall. "You are better here."

"Would an Eskimo thrive in the desert of Sahara?" she retorted, with spirit. "Neither shall I in a lonesome corner of the world. I must have life around me."

"Life!" he echoed softly. "There is a lack of it here. Personally I feel very much alive."

She turned away from him, putting him behind her as if he were temptation. There were moments when his extraordinary vitality seemed to exert an electric influence over her.

"You can live here," said the girl. "but I can't, and I won't try."

"That's the trouble," he replied lightly. "You won't try."

So their discussion ended, as often before, with no gain on either side. She gave him the message which she had come from the academy to deliver and then left him.

Sylvia Allen was a descendant of the founder of Allendale. Her grandfather, a money maker, had established the academy. Her father, ambitious and imprudent, had gone down to ruin in the panic of '93 and had died of the strain. Sylvia, an orphan and absolutely penniless, had been educated at the academy and had lived as a member of the principal's family until her graduation, when she had become a teacher. She had insisted upon assuming as a debt the estimated cost of her maintenance during the period when she had been a "charity pupil," but in six years she had paid less than half. She had no talent for saving, was self indulgent, especially in the matter of dress, and deceived by visionary plans for extra earnings. Her chief desire was for a larger life, for the great world, for escape from the narrow duties and small economies which seemed to make up the sum of existence in Allendale.

Her desires were upon the surface. She made no attempt to conceal them. She had told Redfield that she had tried to get work in the city and that she was a thoroughly competent stenographer and typewriter. Redfield was clever enough to perceive the whole situation, and, chiefly in revenge upon Kendall, he wrote to Sylvia some days after his return to Detroit and offered her a position in his office.

Sylvia took this letter to Kendall, quite prepared to be dissuaded from accepting. If the professor had abandoned for the moment his habitual calm and had declared his love with a vehemence of expression proportioned to the strength of his feeling he would have won his suit. But he made the mistake of appealing to her intellect, her conscience, anything except her emotional nature, wherein alone lay any hope of conquest. The interview was a sad failure, viewed from either side, and the result of it was that Sylvia went to the city.

Redfield's office was a whirl of activities. His business was the organization and management of corporations which existed only for the purpose of enabling Redfield to sell stock in them. Great sums in cash flowed in and out. No small economies were practiced there, for it is not human nature to be frugal with stolen money.

Sylvia took a wild delight in the reckless handling of money. It was an adventure for her to carry thousands of dollars through the streets and deposit them in the bank. She did not know that this money was merely going round and round, that Redfield was borrowing it with one hand merely to pay it with the other and that his true situation would have been appalling to any right minded man.

She saw people—most often Redfield's nephew—dispatched upon errands to other cities when they returned with money, over which Redfield and the messenger would laugh with great glee. She knew that this money came from the sale of stock, but an infant could not have been more ignorant of the true nature of the transactions. Sylvia, who had always suffered from an ungratified love of travel, hoped always that she might be sent on such an errand and as far as possible.

The time came at last. Redfield called her into his private room one afternoon and made her heart leap by asking her this question:

"Can you go to New York on the 8 o'clock train this evening?"

"Yes," she replied in a gasp.

"Well, don't say anything about it," said he. "This is a very private matter. Do you remember the lady who has been here quite often?"

"Mrs. Evans? Yes, surely."

"She is sailing for Europe day after tomorrow as my representative in very important affairs. She left for New York today, and I find that she neglected to take these documents." He tapped a sealed packet on the table. "You must deliver them to her. She sails on the Corinthia. You must find her on that vessel at 10 o'clock day after tomorrow forenoon—that's Thursday. Can you do it?"

"Yes."

"Not a word to any one," said he impressively, "not a whisper, not a hint. There are powerful influences at work to balk my game. I would send my nephew, but those people might stop him, even with violence."

He gave her further instructions looking toward secrecy. She remembered then that she had engaged to go out to Allendale on the following evening and that her failure to appear might excite question. She asked whether she might write a note to Professor Kendall explaining her absence. He could be depended upon for silence.

"Yes," responded Redfield, "but don't mail it. Give it to me, and I'll attend to its delivery."

Sylvia wrote the note and gave it to Redfield, and he destroyed it as soon as her back was turned.

In accordance with his instructions she slipped aboard the 8 o'clock train that evening. She was heavily veiled. Just before the train started she looked out of a window and saw Redfield's nephew on the platform. Two men stepped from behind a pillar and seized him by the arms, but what happened afterward Sylvia did not see, for the train moved out. A delicious terror took possession of her. At last she was beholding life and was herself a figure in affairs of magnitude.

Her journey was devoid of incident, and at the time appointed she boarded the steamship Corinthia without having encountered the smallest obstacle. The woman whom she sought was there and accepted the packet. It was almost too easy. Sylvia would have liked something to happen.

It would have pleased her to see the great ship sail, but this was forbidden by her instructions. She must leave the pier immediately and return to her hotel, where in the course of the day she would receive a telegram from Mr. Redfield telling her whether to return or to await further orders. It was possible that he might wish her to transact some other business for him in New York.

No message came that day nor yet the next. Sylvia's purse began to look too thin for the inevitable expenses of a longer stay, for Redfield had supplied her meagerly with money. His silence made her anxious. She feared that she might have missed instructions and gone to the wrong hotel.

"Don't telegraph or write to me," he had cautioned her. "I don't want anybody to know that I have sent a special messenger to New York. Wait till you hear from me."

On the third day Sylvia began to picture calamities. Mr. Redfield might be ill or disabled by some accident or slain by those mysterious opponents who had assailed his nephew. She learned by inquiry that the Detroit papers could be had in the Grand Central station, and thither she repaired.

Picture the poor girl standing in the babel and bedlam of the great depot and reading this:

REDFIELD WAS MARRIED!
Wedded to Pretty Secretary, Who Posed as "Mrs. Evans."
SHE WAS SYLVIA ALLEN OF ALLENDALE
They Are Known to Be on the Corinthia and Will Be Arrested at Liverpool—Redfield's Affairs in Hopeless Tangle—Gobbled Fifty Thousand In Cash on the Last Day—His Nephew, Arrested While Trying to Board a Train, Denies Knowledge of the Uncle's Crookedness

How long Sylvia stood there staring at those awful headlines she never knew—so long that her limbs stiffened and she hobbled when she tried to move. She felt a hand upon her arm and supposed that some stranger had offered help. She turned, and there stood Edward Kendall.

He was pale, his countenance somewhat rigid and much older in appearance, but the interior calm of the man seemed unshaken. The girl looked into his face and tried to speak, but a tight cord seemed to be drawn around her lips. Her voice came in a strange pucker through this obstruction, saying: "I wasn't, Mrs. Evans. No, no! It was some one else, a real Mrs. Evans. I saw her. You didn't believe that?"

"I believed in the marriage, yes," said he, "but I did not believe that you knew that the man was a thief or that you were in the slightest degree his accomplice. But you must soon learn of it, and then you would need a friend. I was on my way to find you. I arrived in New York this morning. I have taken passage for England. I came here this afternoon to get my traveling bag, which I had checked in the parcel room."

"But how could you do this? The money? You had none."

"I sold my house," said he calmly. "Never mind. I'll build another. Why, Sylvia, don't cry. All's well."

In the wreckage of her faculties there remained only the primitive emotions, fear, loneliness, dependence upon superior strength.

"You cannot love me now," she sobbed, clasping his hands in hers.

"My child," said he, "why am I here?"

The investigation of the affairs of Mr. Redfield showed that with the callousness of the true criminal he had deliberately sacrificed Sylvia to the needs of his own safety. Fearing that he might be arrested while attempting to leave Detroit, he had intrusted all the cash that he could lay his hands on to Sylvia in the sealed packet which she had delivered to

SYLVIA.

Mrs. Evans (or Mrs. Redfield as she then was). This woman had been a secret agent of Redfield's in the sale of stocks. After receiving the money from Sylvia she had immediately left the steamer and joined her husband, with whom she fled to South America.

The police meanwhile were deceived into believing that Redfield had eloped with Sylvia on the Corinthia, and the rascal was thus enabled to make good his escape.

Sylvia had seen the world, and she had found the best thing that any woman can hope to find in it, which is the love of a good man. Kendall took her at once to the home of a professor of Columbia college with whom he had long been acquainted, and the professor and his family gave her a cordial welcome. In that home she remained some days, and there she was married. Then she and her husband returned to Allendale, where they eventually bought back the house that had been sold, and there they live today, busily, happily, usefully, with friends around them and love beside the hearth.

The Cut of Date Doubloon.

Should the reader find a pirate's buried treasure he will have to dispose of his Spanish gold at its bullion value, for since Aug. 1, 1906, when the common crier made proclamation from the steps of the Royal Exchange of London that after that date the doubloon would cease to be legal tender in the West Indies, including British Guiana, the doubloon has not been the precious thing it was. In 1730 and for about a century after it was worth $8, "more or less." It has ceased to be coined in its native country, Spain, and since 1908 it has been unpopular in the West Indies, where for a long time it figured in a mixed circulation embracing British, United States and Spanish coins. In the interest of romance, however, the name at least must survive. It signifies nothing more than that the coin was double the value of a pistole, but the doubloon was never such a mouth filling mockery as "pieces of eight," which suggest great riches, but mean only Spanish silver dollars, pieces equivalent to 8 reals.

England's Great Wall.

Directly across the north of England, between points near Carlisle and Newcastle, ran Hadrian's wall, the northern boundary of the Roman empire. It is generally supposed to have been erected by the Emperor Hadrian between 117 and 138 A. D. The wall was of stone and was eight feet thick and twelve feet high. It was guarded by eighteen military stations, garrisoned by cohorts of Roman soldiers, and at intervals of a mile were forts built to contain eighty men each. Between every two forts were four watch-towers. South of the stone wall was a series of earthen ramparts, and between the two ran the great military road, still in use as a highway. Of this vast work comparatively few portions remain, a matter of wonder, perhaps, when one sees the soundness of the sections of the wall which still stand, but easily explained by the fine stone walls in the immediate vicinity. —Travel.

How to Avoid Divorce.

My advice to thousands who wish to avoid divorce is this: Don't quote mother. Call up your wife while at business and ask how she is. Tell her that you called her up just to hear her voice. Take her a box of candy, one of the new books that she is interested in, a flower, even if it is faded and you have picked it up off the street; a pretty pin or handkerchief, and don't ever lay your head on your pillow at night without having done something to gain and obtain a firmer hold on your wife's love. Kiss her every day. At least once a month meet her downtown and take her to dinner and the theater. Don't ever stop courting, for as soon as you do some other man will begin. Make your wife your companion. Take her out with you, and when you have to have a big time take your wife along and the divorce evil will be lessened. —Leslie's Weekly.

Loans Without Interest.

In the city of Barcelona, Spain, there is a peculiar pawnbroking establishment bearing the dainty name of "Our Lady of Hope," where loans are made without interest to necessitous persons on the deposit of any articles in pledge. Two-thirds of the value of the deposit is at once advanced, and the loan is made for six months and a day, but if at the expiration of that period the depositor should declare himself unable to redeem it, after another period of six months the pledges are sold, but if they yield more than the amount advanced the difference is given to the original owner. This institution is very popular. Thousands are every year suitors for the favor thus afforded by "Our Lady of Hope." —Richard Ford, "Gatherings From Spain."

Another Miss.

A young recruit was just commencing his first course of musketry. The instructor, getting very angry with him, told him exactly what to do, and each time he missed the target. At last the instructor lost his temper and told him to take a spare round behind the butts and shoot himself with it. Presently the instructor was startled by hearing a report from a rifle behind the butts; without a moment's hesitation he rushed round to see what had occurred, when the recruit looked up from examining his rifle and said quite coolly, "It's all right; don't get alarmed; it's another miss."—London Telegraph.

Very Much So.

"Miss Gwendolyn is a very superficial sort of girl, with her head filled with fine clothes and making herself pretty. I don't suppose she gives a moment to self reflection."

"Doesn't she? Just watch her when a mirror is anywhere in sight!"—Baltimore American.

Rackets.

An Italian woman was asked in court if she had any musical instruments in her home.

"No, signor," she replied, "nothing but rackets."

"What?" queried the lawyer.

"Rackets—the things they put in graphophones."

The Diplomat.

Condescending Chappie—I really can't remember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before. Nervous Host—Oh, yes, very likely. It's my house.—London Sketch.

Self Help.

"What is your theory about self help?"

"Why, to help yourself if there is anything in sight."—Exchange.

The Eye of Benares

A Man Counts His Loss as Gain

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The Street of the Sellers of Precious Stones was a dusty, sun smitten alley in the business quarter of Benares. The striped awnings, unstirred by any breeze, drooped limply above the tiny shops burrowed out of the stone walls.

Stephen Lawler swung briskly down the narrow thoroughfare, his blue eyes keenly awatch for a familiar face. At last he came to the shop of Hanzal-Benal and, thrusting aside the hangings, stooped and entered.

The proprietor, aged, white bearded and patriarchal of visage, sat like a hewn stone image of "Contented Old Age." Before him was a large, heavy block of Agra granite, worn smooth by much trafficking and rubbing of leather jewel bags in brown, slim hands.

"My lord is late," remarked Hanzal-Benal, with a trace of reproach in his kindly tones, as he signaled for the American to be seated on the rich rug before the stone table. "I might be drowsing in the heat of the noontide, but the Eye of Benares—it never sleeps, and it watches for the coming of its master!"

Lawler's eyes followed the backward jerk of the Hindu's thumb, and he stifled a sharp exclamation of wonder at the sight. Peering down at him from the gloom of the darkened interior was a lurid red and angry eye that seemed to belong to nothing human. Fiercely glowering out of space, at first it impressed him as exerting some strange influence over him. Then he laughed shortly and remembered that he was in India and must keep his wits about him.

"So that is the famous Eye of Benares?" he asked with assumed nonchalance.

The jeweler nodded solemnly. "It never sleeps, and it seeks unerringly the souls of the wicked. No wrong-doer can hide from its searching light. What is now passing through the brain of my lord is revealed to the eye."

"I have heard all that before, Hanzal-Benal," remarked Lawler significantly. "My time is limited, as I must catch the train for Calcutta, where a steamer awaits me."

"I was only reminding my lord of the mysterious power of the ruby," said the Hindu humbly as he opened a large ebony box and placed it on the stone table. He pulled out tray after tray and placed them before his customer, revealing a glittering array of precious stones—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, lapis lazuli and sapphires—bankrupt spoils from the treasure chests of many a hard pressed prince.

"What are these?" demanded Lawler without interest as the stones under the jeweler's skillful manipulation dazzled his eyes almost to blindness.

"Perhaps my lord prefers one of these to the Eye of Benares," suggested Hanzal-Benal craftily.

"The deal is off, Hanzal-Benal," said Lawler curtly. "I've dickered with you over this confounded ruby for the past two weeks, and now when I come to you with the purchase money you sidestep the bargain. Not another rupee will I add to the offer I made you, and you will either deliver the goods now or consider the incident closed. Which shall it be?"

"My lord has purchased the ruby," said the Hindu hastily. He clapped his hands sharply and then held his palms upward. The Eye of Benares dropped softly down into Hanzal-Benal's slim brown fingers and was deftly flashed in Lawler's face and then placed on the stone table. "Shall the bargain be concluded?" asked the jeweler suavely.

Lawler dropped to his seat on the rug and took the beautiful stone between finger and thumb. The sunlight increased its brilliance a thousandfold. From every finely cut facet it radiated light and color—the color of blood.

He bent over the stone, examining it closely and even bringing out a magnifying glass to assist his keen eyes. There was not one flaw on this magnificent jewel, which was as large as a walnut and slightly flattened in shape.

Hanzal-Benal watched his customer anxiously. He knew that Stephen Lawler was agent for a large American firm of importing jewelers, and the sale of the Eye of Benares was not their first business transaction, though it was destined to be their last.

Slowly the American brought forth his leather wallet, together with a heavy bag of gold. These he set down on the table among the jewel trays and close beside the ruby he had purchased. "Your letter writer is here—the notary?" he asked. "The transaction must be in writing."

For an instant the Hindu hesitated, and then he clapped his hands. From the shadows there were evolved the dim outlines of a turbaned form, and then there slipped down on the carpet the thinnest specimen of a Brahmin priest that Lawler had ever seen, and he had seen a good many.

The priest or secretary or notary—he acted in whatever capacity he was required—drew forth a roll of yellow paper and an inkhorn from the tin writing case at his waist. He fourished a long goose quill and adjusted huge horn spectacles on his nose.

"I am ready," he uttered, his little black eyes fixed greedily on the ruby.

Lawler, in the stuttering Hindustani he had learned, dictated the terms of the short document. When he had concluded and the paper had been duly signed and witnessed Lawler counted out the price of the Eye of Benares and pushed a pile of golden rupees across the table.

At the same instant he picked up the ruby and, carefully rolling it in a silk handkerchief, placed it in the inner pocket of his linen coat. The Brahman watched him covetously.

Lawler rose to his feet with a sharp breath of satisfaction at the conclusion of such a good piece of business. His firm had given him a commission to purchase for one of their customers as large a ruby as the world's markets afforded, and the agent confidently believed he had accomplished the task.

Hanzal-Benal placed the rupees in a large bag and tossed the bag over his shoulder. It did not fall to the floor, but disappeared soundlessly, as though it might have been caught by a pair of dark hands and passed on to one and another pair until secrecy had swallowed it up. The Brahman moved to the narrow entrance of the shop and blocked the opening by carelessly lounging there.

"Farewell, Hanzal-Benal," said Lawler courteously. "I shall return next year and look at your goods. If you have anything of great merit—like the Eye of Benares—let me know through the medium of the public letter writer. Here's my card."

He dropped the bit of pasteboard down on the table and turned to go. As he did so there was a rushing forward from the shadowy corners, a heavy cloak was thrown over his head, while agile fingers slipped here and there among his garments in search of the Eye of Benares.

"Help, help!" yelled Lawler as he pulled out his revolver and endeavored to crowd the muzzle under the edge of the muffling cloak.

They pulled out the white handkerchief in which he had wrapped the Eye of Benares, only to find it empty, for Stephen Lawler by clever sleight of hand had deluded them and concealed the ruby elsewhere. While they searched him with nimble fingers he struggled to release himself from their wiry grasp. It was a case of one against seven, and Lawler was fast losing his strength when all at once there came the welcome sound of an English speaking voice, and a stout stick was laid heavily among the squirming legs in the shop.

As if the stick had possessed some magic inspired by the sharp authoritative voice of its wielder, Lawler's assailants vanished, bearing with them the enveloping cloak. Hanzal-Benal still sat before his table, replacing the jewels in the box, his placid features somewhat disturbed.

In the doorway was a stout figure clad in gray flannels—a good American face, clean shaven, strong and utterly fearless. "What's all this? Hey, there?" bawled the stranger at the jeweler.

Lawler stepped down into the street, and his hearty hand struck the open palm of the newcomer. "Mr. Ferriss, where did you come from? I have to thank you for saving me from a nasty row. You came in the nick of time."

"Don't thank me—thank Beatrice here. My dear, where are you hiding? Ah, this is Stephen Lawler—used to know his father. This is my daughter."

Lawler found himself greeting the most charming girl he had ever met, and he wondered why he had never known that Mr. Ferriss must have had a daughter. He had missed years of joy in not knowing her before.

Mr. Ferriss was indulging in a linguistic combat with Hanzal-Benal in a broken mixture of English, Arabic, scraps of Latin and very little Hindustani. Lawler came to the rescue.

"Just tell him," sputtered Ferriss, mopping his heated brow, "that I have called to get the ruby my daughter left here to be engraved. She took a fancy to have it engraved. It isn't a first class stone; I may as well admit it. I picked it up last year at an auction room in Paris, but Bee doesn't know that. She thinks its a pigeon blood. Tell the old rascal I've come for it and I want it in a hurry; got to catch a train for Calcutta."

Lawler looked long into the shrinking face of Hanzal-Benal, and then from some mysterious source about his garments he brought forth the Eye of Benares. "This the thing?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes, and the rascal hasn't touched it yet. Never mind. Here, Bee!" He tossed the counterfeit that was brilliant enough to stand among the rarest gems without detection. "What were you doing with it?" he asked of Lawler, and the agent told him briefly.

The sight of two revolvers pointed close to his venerable head induced Hanzal-Benal to clap his hands and bring from the darkness the bag of rupees which Lawler counted before returning to his pocket. "The Eye of Benares was watching you, Hanzal-Benal," he said coolly.

As they all made their way to the railroad station, for it developed that they were all to sail home on the same steamer, Beatrice Ferriss turned to Lawler.

"I am afraid you are very unhappy now that you cannot fulfill your commission to procure a great ruby for your firm," she said sympathetically.

"I haven't a regret in the world," assured Lawler hastily. "I count this the luckiest day of my life."

He reiterated this statement the day they were married, and he added that the pair of brown eyes he had won far outmatched the farfamed Eye of Benares, which still eludes him.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Frank A. Gotch, champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world, is to be in Olean, N. Y., Friday evening, November 24, when he will give an exhibition with a wrestling partner, under the direction of the members of Company I, Third N. G. N. Y.

—A Punxsutawney special of Nov. 16th says: Paul Hughes, aged 17, George Hallman, aged 7, and Daniel F. Groney, aged 38, were killed in hunting accidents. Yesterday McKinley Hinderliter and John Robinson, both aged 22, were wounded in a hunting accident, and Hinderliter's foot was amputated.

—On Saturday morning, O. C. Wenkle, a brakeman on an Erie freight train running between Bradford and Buffalo, was killed near the depot at Carrollton, N. Y., by being struck by Erie train 4, a fast passenger train. Coroner Martin of Salamanca was notified and the remains were taken to that place and prepared for burial and later sent to the man's home in Buffalo. Wenkle was 27 years of age.

—The Elk County Democrat Co., publishers of the Ridgway Daily and Weekly Democrat, suspended the publication of the Daily Democrat last Saturday, and in the future will only issue the Weekly Democrat. The Daily Democrat was one of the best daily publications in this section but Ridgway evidently was not large enough to furnish it the support it merited.

—Mrs. Jacob Zurfluh of Ridgway saw a big buck deer last Friday afternoon near the Pine Grove cemetery, in that place, where the foundation is being laid for the handsome community mausolem. According to Mrs. Zurfluh, the animal appeared to be badly frightened and had evidently been chased by hunters throughout the day. Several hunters from West Ridgway discovered the tracks of the animal in the snow.

—It is reported that three Ridgway hunters succeeded in killing three bears on Saturday which they followed from the woods in the vicinity of Ridgway a day and a night, and finally rounded them up on Mill creek in the vicinity of Highland. Two of the bears were young and weighed about 250 pounds while the third was a large one weighing about 400. The hunters are much enthused over their success.

—Frank P. Baum, a business man of Buffalo, died last Friday at the Dudley House in Salamanca. He was taken ill while on a trolley car running between Bradford and Salamanca. Dr. Beals of Salamanca was summoned to the hotel but before the doctor arrived Mr. Baum had expired. Death was due to acute enlargement of the heart and a blood clot. The body was taken to Buffalo. Mr. Baum had been in Bardford on a business trip.

—One of the largest black bears ever killed in Pennsylvania was shot on Fern mountain, two miles northwest of State Run, across Pine creek, by David and Clark McWilliams, brothers, and Augustus Bennet, says the Wellsboro Agitator. The length of the hide is seven feet, the width six feet, and to show the great length of the fore legs, measurement was made of the reach from tip to tip of the claws, when the hide was stretched to nine and one-half feet. The bear dressed, weighed 410 pounds. He was shot seven times before he gave up the ghost.

—Saturday's Bradford Era says: A merry party of hunters, including Dr. Bret Hall of this city; A. F. Bannum, jr., of Hornell, formerly of Bradford, and William C. Holsinger, of Willow creek, yesterday succeeded in "bagging" a big black bear in the woods in the Willow creek section. The animal weighed about 200 pounds. Mr. Holsinger got the first shot at the animal and succeeded in wounding him. A few moments later Dr. Hall brought the bear down with a well directed shot. It is expected that the splendid specimen will be brought into the city to-day.

—A Hornell dispatch of Nov. 17th says: Lloyd Woodbury was frightfully burned all over his body yesterday afternoon when a large kettle of boiling tar which he was stirring preparatory to spreading on the roof of his home, exploded and covered him from head to foot with the boiling tar. Many minutes elapsed before any relief could be rendered to the man, and it took several hours before the last traces of the tar were removed from his face. He sustained frightful burns all over his body and will probably lose his eyesight. There is only a slight hope for his recovery.

—A New York dispatch of the 19th inst. says: Frederick Morris, 14 years old, of Yonkers, entered St. John's Riverside hospital two weeks ago as an incorrigible, underwent a surgical operation and returned to his home to-night with a completely changed and amiable disposition. The boy fell two stories on his head two years ago and abruptly became a truant from school and a thief. Later he was twice taken into court on charges of petty larceny. A month ago his mother took him to the hospital where it was found that for years a piece of bone had been pressing on his brain.

—A Philadelphia dispatch of Nov. 16 says: Bishop Alexander Mackay Smith, the head of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, died at his home to-day of heart disease. His health had been failing for years, but his death was sudden and a shock to the clergy. He attended a reception last night for Bishop Philip Mercer Rhinelander and Bishop Suffragan Thomas J. Garland, of the Philadelphia Divinity school. He arrived home about midnight and read an hour. Early this morning his wife heard a feeble call and found him convulsed with pain and gasping for breath but uid was too late. The funeral will probably be held Saturday from Holy Trinity church. The interment will be in Woodlawn cemetery, New York.

—A Ridgway special of Nov. 17th, says: An Italian met with a horrible death about 6:45 o'clock this morning near St. Marys. It was the old story of getting off one track to be run down by an engine on the other track. The victim was a member of a crew who are at work in the logging camp near Trout Run. The men had their meals and bunks in the railroad cars along the P., S. & N. road. This morning after breakfast the men were called to go to work. They got off the cars on different sides. The unfortunate victim reached the first track and noticing a locomotive coming towards him, stepped on the other track with his back to an approaching train and despite the quick turn of the lever by the engineer, the man was run down and dragged many feet to a horrible death in full view of his companions. Coroner Sharp has been notified but it is not thought that an inquest will be necessary. It is said the dead man has a wife and family in Italy.

—The Bradford Star-Record of last Thursday says: At 7:30 o'clock this morning, Mrs. Ella McConnell, who cooks at the Capitol hotel, heard silver dropping on the floor in a room directly back of the dining room. As she knew no one connected with the hotel was in that part of the house she hurried there and found a man filling his pockets with the hotel silverware. Another employee of the hotel telephoned the police headquarters and the chief was soon placed in custody. His name is Frank Towhie. It was found that he is the same man who stole an overcoat from the Corry house yesterday. He later pawned the coat for one dollar. Towhie was taken before Alderman Filkins this morning for a hearing and pleaded guilty to both charges. Towhie was bound over to court and was taken to the county jail at Smethport at noon. It was stated at the Capitol hotel this morning that it was believed Towhie made his entrance to the room where the silverware is kept by means of the office entrance, passing from the office into the dining room through a door connecting the two rooms, and then through the dining room. No one heard the door from the street into the dining room open or close.

Test For Stutterers.

A new method of voice control was tried by the lifelong stutterer. In a few lessons the impediment in speech was overcome.

"That's fine," said a candid friend. "Now I wish you would take a bit of advice. You talk all right today, but just keep a watch on yourself and see how you talk this time next week."

"You're a wet blanket, all right," growled the ex-stutterer. "What's the matter with next week?"

"We'll be in the full moon, then," said his friend. "It's a fact that everybody who has ever stuttered stutters worse when the moon is full than at any other time. Until you get so you can talk smoothly then you can't count yourself really cured."

The man with halting speech took notice, as advised, and found that several full moons waned before he could control his speech at that time. —New York Times.

Verifying His Statement.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Smiley were giving their annual party, and Mr. Smiley was making his usual speech.

"For forty years have my good wife and I traveled hand in hand down life's thorny path," he said. "In all those years not one single harsh, hasty, unkind word has passed our lips. Isn't that true, mother?"

"Mother" had quietly fallen asleep on the sofa, and as he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder she snorted defiantly and said sharply:

"Get up yourself and light the fire, Sam. I lit it last, and I'll see you far enough before I'll do it this morning, you— Oh, oh, I—I—why, I must have dropped off to sleep!"

"And I think you'd better have stayed asleep, Lily," hissed Samuel into her ear.—London Tit-Bits.

Quite Natural.

The Spiritualist—Is that the spirit of Lady Montague? The Medium—No, ma'am. I'm the spirit of 'er ladyship's maid, an' I'm to say that she's not at 'ome.—Toledo Blade.

Large Order.

"Your own baby, if you have one," advertised the enterprising photographer, "can be enlarged, tinted and framed for $9.75 a dozen."—Blue Bull.

THE HUMAN SKIN.

Changes In Its Hues That Have Come With the Ages.

COLOR A MATTER OF CLIMATE.

Man's Original Shade Is Believed to Have Been a Brownish Yellow—The Same Forces That Made Men White, Black and Yellow Still Operating.

Man's original color and the cause of the changes in that color to the various hues that mark the skins of the different races have long been a study among men of science.

The theory of Professor Lionel Lyde, an English scientist, is that, whatever the color of primitive man in the beginning, the conditions of life during the glacial period were such that uniformity of results must have been produced. Nearly every anthropologist is ready to admit now a common origin for all mankind. Where man originated is not known—very likely in southern Asia, possibly in Africa, certainly not in Europe, they say. His original color is supposed to have been a sort of brownish yellow not like any of the colors of mankind today, and scientists call him, for the sake of calling him something, a Condwana.

He lived in southern latitudes. This, they think, is certain. Then came migrations, and then, Professor Lyde believes, the variations of color began. Some turned white, some turned black, some brown and some yellow, all according to the climate in which they found themselves.

Climate influences worked directly and indirectly. In the tropics the skin and the intestines perform work which in temperate zones is thrown on the lungs. So when man found himself in cooler lands the increased activity of the lungs, together with the lessened light and heat, favored lightening of the skin. When he found himself in hotter climates the increased activity of the liver and the presence of great light favored a dark skin.

The old theories of race are pretty well discarded, for men of the same race, under differing conditions, would come to be outwardly very different. Thus even in Africa, which everybody thinks of as the land of blacks, black is not at all the universal color. In the Sudan, where there are great light and little humidity and no shade, the men are very black. Elsewhere in Africa, where there are forest, more humidity and less light, though about equal heat, the color is brown and even yellow.

As primitive man went on his way over the globe he adapted himself to the conditions he found. Professor Lyde thinks that it is light and not heat which is injurious. There are in the tropics dangerous X-like rays which must be stopped, and they were stopped by the darkening of the skin. Since lack of moisture also tends to give a tawny color, it is found that in rainy countries the people are fairer than in places where there are long and frequent droughts.

The race, then, that found a home in moderate and damp climates turned whiter and whiter. It is only in such climates that white skins can endure, and presumably, if the present white race was turned into a different part of the world for many hundreds of years, the whiteness of skin would gradually be lost. Perhaps, since the white man is spreading over the world to-day, it would be fair to say it will, in such cases, be lost, the whiteness being retained only in climates that have the conditions under which the race was first bleached.

Intensity of light and little humidity made black. Trade winds and little humidity gave the tinge of brown to the subtropical Mediterranean people. Then comes yellow, which Professor Lyde puts down as the result of "vast desiccating grass lands" in intemperate latitudes.

The yellow man is the product of the grass lands; with lack of humidity and seasonal extremes of temperature. The color a man exposed to such conditions would naturally take would be one which conserves heat nearly as well as white, but which also protects from light, for which combination yellow was the best, or red. The normal color of these folk of the grass lands would be changed by special local conditions, such as the presence of mountains or proximity to the sea. The mountaineers of Asia and the maritime Mongolians are lighter in color than their brothers of the inland plains.

To Professor Lyde, therefore, skin color is entirely a matter of climate. It is a well established phenomenon now because the different portions of the human race lived segregated for thousands of years in special areas, but the same forces that made men white and black and yellow are operating today, slowly, but surely. Men who change their dwelling places will still, after hundreds of generations, change also their skins as they did in the epoch of the first migrations.—New York Times.

Not Consistent.

"You are very foolish, Mary, to think of getting married. If you will give up the idea I will raise your wages a dollar a week."

"Huh—a dollar a week! That's a fine argument ag'inst marridge to be put up by a lady that's drawn $400 a month alimony."—Judge.

The soldier is the only wild animal that does not eat what he kills.—Jessup.

COAST DEFENSE.

Concrete Forts and Big Guns That Protect Our Sea Line.

The modern seacoast fort is a battery whose guns are protected in front and flank with enormous monoliths of concrete, covered, in the sides exposed to the fire, with sand enough to defect projectiles before they reach the concrete, says the Engineering Magazine. Deep down in the interior of these huge masses of stone are placed the magazines and operating rooms required for the service of the batteries. They are simply caves in stone, artificial, to be sure, but as permanent as the everlasting hills. It is weird and uncanny to reflect that in one of those caves, scintillating with the highest resources of science, men stand over a drawing board on a table and practically see and plot on a chart every movement and position of the ships of a hostile fleet and flash forth to the gunners in the open such instructions for pointing their guns as enable them to make consecutive bullseyes on a target 6,000 yards away or from groups of great twelve inch rifled mortars to make 47 per cent of hits with flocks of projectiles on the deck of a moving target anywhere within range.

It is vastly important that such rooms be made as comfortable as possible for the strained human intellects working out their country's defense within them. But to make them comfortable is a difficult problem. In the United States the first modern batteries were completed during an exigency caused by the war with Spain. But since their completion during the warm and humid months of summer and early fall their galleries, magazines and service rooms reek with moisture. Water stands in great beads upon the walls and ceilings, from which it drips down to form great pools upon the floors, and they are not safe places for either human beings, ammunition or material of war. To remedy the evil many expedients have been tried and much valuable experience gained. But the problem is beset with difficulty.

FALLS ONLY TO RISE.

An Experiment Which Shows a Sort of Perpetual Motion Effect.

A novel experiment in the demonstration of perpetual motion is to be performed simply. A glass beaker about six inches high and four inches in diameter is filled with water to the height of about four and a half inches, and two and one-half to three ounces of commercial aniline are added, which will sink to the bottom of the vessel.

The temperature of the beaker and its contents is now raised to 170 or 175 degrees Fahrenheit by means of a burner, when it will be observed that the aniline will rise to the surface of the water, from which it will hang in a mass of curved outline. Almost immediately the suspended aniline commences to alter in shape, and gradually a large drop an inch or more in diameter detaches itself from the mass and falls through the water.

And now, the detached drop having fallen to the bottom of the beaker, comes the surprising part of the experiment. The fallen drop is seen gradually to rise to the surface, where it joins the mass from which it previously broke away. At once another drop commences to form and, having become detached, falls and rises in the same manner as the previous drop.

So long as the temperature of the water is maintained at 170 degrees Fahrenheit or over this procedure continues indefinitely.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Worked Both Ends.

Queens at their best are but women. Said Mary of Modena once in her days of exile, "It took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths could procure to decorate my crown." She was "powdered" with gems, which Fountainhall says "made her shine like an angel."

And Queen Caroline, too, the wife of George II., used to allude to Lord Hervey's rather personal remark that her crowning dress "was as fine as the accumulated riches of the city and suburbs could make it, for, besides her own jewels, she had on her head and shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the jewelers at the other."

The Polar Bear.

The polar bear is a pretty formidable brute. A specimen of this species has been killed weighing 1,000 pounds and measuring nearly thirteen feet from nose to tail. The strength of the polar bear is beyond belief. One was seen feeding on the body of a white whale fifteen feet long and weighing at least three tons. The whale had been dragged by the bear out of the water on to the ice.

In These Degenerate Days.

"Huh," exclaimed the yardstick as it moved rapidly over the bolt of cloth, "you're not all wool."

"That's all right," retorted the bolt of cloth; "you're not a yard long either."—Chicago Tribune.

A Jolt to Romance.

"Hubby, you have a lock of my hair, haven't you?" "Of course." "See if you can match it in some puffs when you go downtown."—Pittsburg Post.

One of Them.

Figg—As a talker Brown's wife is certainly a wonder. Fogg—Right you are! Wonders never cease.—Boston Transcript.

Better.

"Your wife never sings any more. Did she lose her voice?"

"No; she found her senses."—Toledo Blade.

Self indulgence deprives a man of everything that might make him great.

Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

His Vulgarity.

Mrs. Finefeather—Are you taking your husband abroad this year? Mrs. Boston—No. I decided last year when he insisted upon speaking of the Venetian gondolas as canalboats that the real charm of Europe is lost upon him.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Women's Tears.

Marks—So when you got home from the club last night your wife was weeping? Parks—I said nothing of the sort. I said she was crying. It's when a woman is sad she weeps; when she cries she's hopping mad.—Boston Transcript.

Even.

Borrow—Until now I have never had to ask you for a small loan. Money—And till now I have never been obliged to refuse you.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes. I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
...—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
...advertisements published at the ... per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no ... from this rule. Extra charge ... single insertion.
... marriage and death notices inserted ... cash.
... executors' and administrators' notices, ... cash.
... all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1911.

Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., the Virginia wife-murderer, will be electrocuted in the penitentiary at Richmond Friday morning. Beattie has not confessed, and declares that he is ready to die.

A Cleveland dispatch of Nov. 19, says: Commodore Perry's flagship in the battle of Lake Erie near Put-in-Bay, the Niagara, that has lain on the bottom of lake in the Erie harbor for 35 years, will be raised, made seaworthy and taken on a tour of the Great Lakes in 1913, as a feature of the Perry centennial celebration. The state of Pennsylvania will bear the expense. This was decided on at a session of the inter-state board in charge of the centennial. Eighty architects will compete in designs for the memorial building to be erected at Put-in-Bay. General Nelson A. Miles and Admiral C. E. Clark were appointed to take up the question of proper exhibits at the centennial exposition at Put-in-Bay.

The Bradford Era is authorized to say that Hon. R. J. Hoffman, Bradford's popular mayor, will be a candidate, in the spring primaries, for nomination for the assembly from McKean county. In an interview yesterday Mr. Hoffman said that in his candidacy he will not represent any clique or coterie but will make his canvass on the best that is in the Republican platform. "There is no string to me," he said. "I am independent of factions and my object is simply to serve the interests and to promote the welfare of the people of McKean county and to give aid to all laudable movements for the betterment of all people. I have received assurances of support from many citizens and I greatly appreciate the good things that are being said about my administration here as mayor. I feel encouraged and believe that the Republican voters will support me in the primaries in an effective manner."

Charged with holding up and murdering Express Messenger L. G. Barger, in his car on a train of the Bloomsburg division of the Delaware, Lackawana and Western railroad Friday night, and looting the car of between $1600 and $2,000, William P. Bishie, aged twenty-one, a discharged employe of the company, was arrested Friday in Scott's hotel in Scranton. Bishie confessed to County Detective Rafter that he had committed murder for robbery. Bishie said, "I got on a train at Taylor station, five miles south of Scranton. Barger let me on the train to ride as far as Scranton for he knew me. Two minutes after the train left Taylor, I drew a revolver and shot Berger. I fired two shots. The first went into his head, but the second went wild. I searched the car and took some money. When the train slowed up at Lucerne street in Scranton, I jumped off, crossed the Jersey Central tracks, threw the revolver and some papers away and then went to Scott's hotel." The arrest of Bishie whose home is Kingston, Pa., was made by a squad of State police and Detective Rafter.

PETER MacQUEEN.

Well Known Traveler at the Lyceum Monday Evening. Benefit of Fire Department.

Peter MacQueen, the celebrated traveler, author and lecturer, the first number of the Antrim entertainment course to be presented under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, will appear at the Lyceum next Monday evening, Nov. 27, in an illustrated lecture.

Mr. MacQueen will give a travelogue on the "Land and People Where Roosevelt Hunted." This noted raconter has also hunted big game in the region which Roosevelt visited, and not only this, but has explored Africa from end to end and probably no man is better acquainted with its topography and people than he. He describes strange places and strange people of this land and his discourse is illustrated by handsome colored pictures. His discourse will prove to be of absorbing interest.

The course tickets for the fire department's four entertainments are now on sale, and it behooves everyone to secure one, and see four high-class attractions at the small sum of $1.00 and also help along a good cause. At any event do not miss hearing Peter MacQueen Monday night.

A GOOD JOKE.

Wellsboro citizens as well as those of other places have been receiving gratis gifts of a pint of whiskey in response to the offer of a Kentucky firm, and when the response to their signed postcard arrives it is just as advertised, except there are other pints in the package which comes by express which have to be paid for. It must have been good stuff, because of all the county seaters who bit on the free pints only one is said to have sent his back. Which recalls the story of a Mansfield man who received from a distiller a proposition to send in the names of prospective express customers in that no-license town, by reason of it being the home of a normal school, and he would receive a 10 per cent. commission. Being something of a wag, he sent in a list of leading prohibitionists, deacons, etc., as a joke. In about sixty days he nearly fell off the Christmas tree when he received a check from the distiller of something more than $18 for his commission. And(for the life of him, he can't get over his amazement yet.—North American.

RED CROSS SEALS.

The above reproduction of the Red Cross Christmas seals which will be sold throughout this section this year for the benefit of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League, which maintains the Bon Air satatorium near Bradford. By purchasing these seals you will be furthering a great work in the interest of humanity.

A SHOCKING FATE.

Daniel Dunkle of Bradford Caught Under a Belt.

The Bradford Era of yesterday says: Daniel Dunkle, aged 17 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Dunkle of No. 123 Chestnut street, was killed by being caught between a belt and pulley in the power house on the G. W. Waldo lot at East Bradford yesterday forenoon. The young man had left his home in the early morning to pump the well on the Waldo lot owned by James McManus and others, while his father, also a pumper, went to another section of the town to pump wells.

At noon when the young man failed to return home for dinner, his father became worried and went to the Waldo lot power house and there was horrified to find the dead body of his son.

The belt had been torn from the pulley and it was evident from indications that the young pumper had attempted to start the gas engine, was caugh and killed.

The youth had been drawn under the belt and his abdomen was crushed. Under the increased tension thus caused, the lacing of the belt gave way and the body was hurled to the floor. It was all done so quickly that the victim scarcely had time to realize his predicament.

Deceased is survived by his parents and five sisters, Mrs. J. P. Wallace, Mrs. M. S. Milks and the Misses Vera, Venus and Pansy Dunkle, all of Bradford; and two brothers, Bert Dunkle of Bradford, and Albert Dunkle of Mobile, Ala.

DRUNKEN MAN'S FREAK.

Breaks Pennsylvania Railroad Switch Lights and Attacks Shanty.

Harry Daugherty, who says his home is in Erie, but that he has no friends there, is in the lockup on a charge of malicious mischief. He is charged with going wild late Saturday night and on his way up the tracks towards the P. R. R. yards in the Tenth ward smashing all the switch lights he encountered and with attempting to demolish the yardman's shanty. He had torn down the storm door when P. R. R. policemen arrived and stopped him. Daugherty fought like a madman and only gave up when he received a blow on top of the head from a policeman's bill. He was sick, sober and sorry Sunday night and a little apprehensive of the outcome. He declares that he has no recollection of doing any damage; that he has been in this vicinity for a few months and worked on a traction engine in the country, but is rather reticent about his affairs. He remembers taking some drinks in barrooms and drinking more out of a bottle and does not remember much more until after he "came to" when the railroad police were locking him up.—Monday's Kane Republican.

NEW SUPERINTENDENT APPOINTED.

Warren, Pa., Nov. 17.—This morning the committee consisting of S. R. Mason of Mercer, Ned Arden Flood of Meadville, Dr. Wallace R. Hunter of Erie, and Hon. Byron H. Osborn of Franklin, announced that it had selected as superintendent of the North Warren State Hospital, at a salary of $5,000 a year, Dr. Henry W. Mitchell, late superintendent of a state hospital for the insane at Danvers, Mass. He succeeds Dr. W. W. Hawkes who recently resigned.

It was after tracing the record of Dr. Mitchell to all parts of the United States that he was selected from a list of 30 applicants. Dr. Mitchell has had 15 years experience in insane hospital work. He is a graduate of the University of Vermont. He is one of the ablest alienists in the country. He is 40 years old, is married and his wife is a doctor.

DEATH SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

A Bradford Man Died From Gunshot Wounds in Canal Zone.

The body of the late Martin McCarthy, whose death occurred in Panama recently, arrived in Bradford Sunday evening by express and was taken to Still's undertaking rooms. The funeral services will be held at the Still mortuary chapel Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. The interment will be at Limestone.

The cause of the death of Martin McCarthy is yet unknown definitely, although a newspaper pubifshed in the canal zone states that it was a suicide case.

The fact that McCarthy was the victim of a gunshot wound, self-inflicted or otherwise, is shown by the remains at the undertaking establishment.

There is a wound just under the jaw on the right side and another in the left temple as if the fatal bullet was fired from the right side and took an upward course. It is said that $60 in cash was found in the man's pockets and that on a finger was a diamond ring. This would indicate that he was not the victim of robbers.

It is supposed that the enervating climate of the isthmus affected the man's body and mind and that his death was self-inflicted while he was mentally irresponsible.

The Era Tuesday contained the following additional particulars of this mysterious affair: Martin J. McCarthy, whose death took place at Pariso, Panama, on October 29, may have been the victim of an assassin. Relatives of the dead man at Limestone have received documents from the Canal Commission giving formal notice of the death. According to the official records as shown, the deceased entered the service of the government on the Canal Zone as a drill runner, March 6, 1907. In December of the same year he was promoted to the position of foreman. He resigned from the government service in the canal work, May 10, 1910, and then entered the service of the Republic of Panama as a driller of artesian wells, following that occupation until the time of his death.

The official communication of the Canal Commission states that Mr. McCarthy's work on the canal was entirely satisfactory in every way and the fact was noted that he was awarded canal medal No. 2538, as a memento of his two years' work on the great waterway.

A clipping from a Canal Zone newspaper is quoted as follows:

"The death of Martin J. McCarthy continues to be the subject of much discussion among the American colony. Almost all his friends maintain their disbelief against the suicide theory.

"While Mr. McCarthy was a man of strong convictions, emphatic in his ways, he was not known to have an enemy who would have taken his life."

Undertaker Still says that the wound in the head of the dead man shows that the bullet was fired from the left side, entering above the ear and coming out on the opposite side, below the right ear. McCarthy was right handed and this fact, together with the extremely awkward manner in which such a shot could be self-inflicted, adds to the uncertainty as to the cause of death.

The Canal Zone newspaper stated that the deceased was very well liked in the American colony and that much regret was felt over his untimely death.

From other sources comes the report that the deceased had a large sum of money which he had earned in Panama and of this the relatives here have no account. On the dead man's person were found $60; a diamond ring worth $230 and a valuable gold watch.

It is understood that a colored man was in his company when last seen and it is said that the negro thereafter disappeared.

The relatives will thoroughly investigate the facts in the case through official channels as soon as possible.

The deceased was formerly an oil well worker. He was single and 39 years old.

FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

Dates for Sessions in This County This Year.

Farmers' institutes in McKean county for the season 1911 will be held as follows: Crosby, Nov. 29-30; Eldred, Dec. 1-2; Farmers Valley, Dec. 4; Wrights, Dec. 5.

The strong corps of speakers which will conduct these institutes, is composed of the following well known men: J. T. Campbell of Hartstown, Pa.; F. E. Bonsted, Bean Lake, Pa.; H. W. Northrup, Dalton, Pa., and Leon Otice Van Noy, Troy, Pa. The board of county managers is composed of O. W. Abbey, Turtle Point, Pa.; Geo. F. Boyer, Smethport, Pa., and U. M. Ford of Ceres. All sessions will be public and free and everybody is cordially invited to attend. Some fine programs have been arranged for the week.

A question box will at all times be on the secretary's desk, and all are invited to place therein such questions as they may wish to have discussed, and at the proper time these questions will be referred to some one for answer, or taken up for general discussion.

Although these institutes are designed and conducted for the education and advantage of farmers, yet all who are interested are invited to attend, and it is hoped that they will show their appreciation, not only by being present at the meeting, but also by taking part in the discussions.

Several of the evening programs have been arranged with the special view of interesting the young people and they and public school teachers have a special invitation to these meetings. Any information desired in regard to these meetings can be obtained of the board of county managers.

VICISSITUDES OF THE "PROFESH"

New York, Nov. 19.—The cheerful spirit in which the American actor meets adversity was aptly illustrated by the dinner at the Lambs club in West Forty-fourth street to-night where 60 actors out of employment and all members of the club sat down to dinner together and made good cheer.

No actor with a job was permitted to be present at the dinner or even enter the banquet room. Covers for hundreds could have been laid but the dinner embraced all the actors in the city out of work, but as the affair was confined exclusively to members of the club the 60 actors who celebrated their non-employment bore names recognized as among the first in the profession.

The gathering included such men as Wilton Lackaye, Theodore Roberts, Malcolm Williams, George Nash, Malcolm Dunn, Digby Bell, Edmund Breese, William Courtleigh and others almost as prominent. It is safe to say that not an actor was present who does not command a salary of upwards of $100 a week when playing.

Guests entering the banquet room to-night found a big sign suspended over the table which read:

"To the unemployed, by the unemployed, for the employed. English and American spoken."

In the center of the table there was a lagoon in which a small boat containing the figures of two men floated. Its significance was that all the guests were in the same boat.

The amusing features of the occasion were numerous and funny.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending November 18, 1911:

Smith, Miss Beatress.
Tozart, D.
York, Miss Virginia.

ending November 11th, 1911:

Green, Mr. J. S.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

My wife, Bertha Master, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation, and I hereby forbid all persons trusting her on my account.

FRANK MASTER.

Advertise in The Miner.

H. W. RUBIN

WE ARE AFTER THE MEN

You know us but come in and get acquainted with our good Suits and Overcoats. We please everybody because we stand back of everything we sell.

The best stuff for the least money at this store.

H. W. Rubin

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.90 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

PIANOS

IT IS NOT TO EARLY TO SELECT ONE FOR XMAS.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS for Lester, Stulz, Bauer, Krannich, & Bach and other high grade PIANOS.

Victrolas from $15.00 to $200.

SCOTT & MADISON
SUCCESSORS TO
J. W. MILLIGAN
117 MAIN ST BRADFORD, PA.

THE HUNTING SEASON

will soon be on, and the tramp, tramp of the seeker for game will be heard throughout the land. It is time for good, heavy, serviceable shoes. Have you your hunting footwear? If not, come here to our store, and let us show the best shoes for hunting and all-around wear you ever saw. You can't wear 'em out.

ANDERSON & CARLSON,
The Shoe Men,
SMETHPORT, PA.

Play Pocket Base Ball

A brand New Game of Skill—exciting, fun-making and fascinating to young and old. Is indestructible and can be carried in the vest pocket.

HAS ALL the POINTS of REGULAR BASE BALL

You Can Make (Put Outs, Strike-Outs, Runs, Base Hits, Etc.) One or any number can play. One team may match another. Simple Instructions

Become a Champion. We will arrange to have you or your team matched if you will issue a challenge. Anybody can play, but it takes skill to become expert.

MOTHERS, Here's the Chance to give the boys the very thing they want at a less price than you could possibly please them in any other way. Give each of the boys a POCKET BASE BALL GAME for Christmas presents—he can play it by himself, or any number that have these games may choose sides and play as teams.

Everybody that Likes Base Ball will be delighted with this fascinating game. It teaches the boys patience and determination and develops a steady hand and a quick eye.

BOYS, GET UP A WINTER GAME. You'll have more fun than you ever did before.

To Introduce this fascinating game we will for 25 cents and the names of your leading toy dealer and druggist send you a game with full instructions of play. SEND TO DAY, this offer is for right now.

ESPE SALES COMPANY, - Nashville, Tennessee

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

Thanksgiving Sale of Suits, Coats and Hats.

STARTLING BUT TRUE.

Right in the Height of the Season.

We are going to give you one more reason to be Thankfull. That is you may be able to own and posess any Coat, Hat or Suit at 25 per cent. off the regular price.

One lot of trimmed hats that retail up to $5.00. Good for hackabout hats. Only..... $1.98.

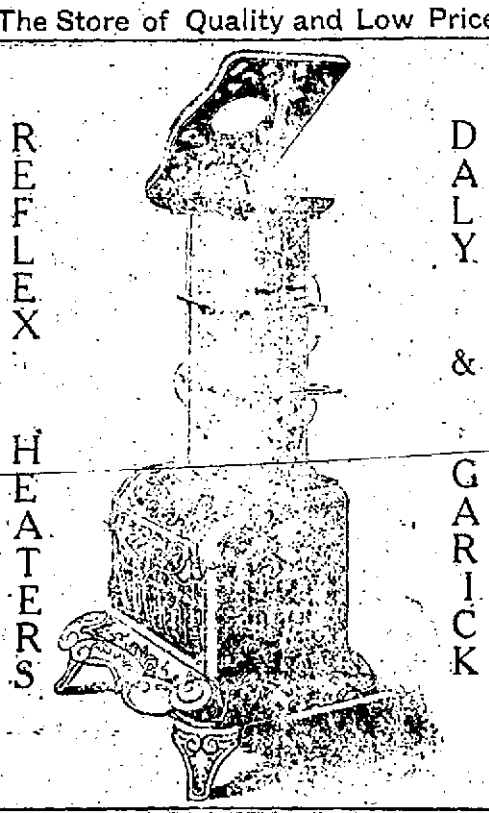
Coats and Suits

Our entire line of Coats and suits in this sale, Nothing reserved, ranging in price up to $32.00. 25 per cent. off the regular price.

This sale starts Saturday, Nov. 25th and continues six days, Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.



McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 23, 1911.

—Thanksgiving one week from to-day.

—The deer season closes a week from to-day.

—Hear Peter MacQueen next Monday evening.

—Read Fry & Comes' advertisement in another column.

—Port Allegany contributed $1,000 for the relief of stricken Austin.

—Read the new advertisement of the Brownell grocery in this issue.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Masser, on Friday, November 17, 1911, a boy.

—Daly & Garlick have a new advertisement in their usual space this week.

—Mrs. M. L. Bisett has been confined to her home by illness during the past week.

—John Bender, the well known barber, has accepted a position in Haley's barber shop.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Digel, of Center street, Monday, Nov. 20, 1911, a baby boy.

—Mrs. Earl Gallup entertained the Stitchery at her home on Center street last Friday evening.

—Mrs. Leo L. Herzog entertained at cards at her home on Center street yesterday afternoon.

—The scarlet fever quarantine on the home of J. C. Butterfield, in Keating township, has been raised.

—Rev. J. Booth closed a successful series of revival meetings at the Baptist church last Sunday evening.

—Peter MacQueen, the noted traveler and lecturer, at the Lyceum Monday evening for the benefit of the Smethport Fire Department.

—W. B. Simpkins and Creighton Burlingame left last Friday for Erie, where they have accepted employment in the Keystone rubber factory in that city.

Do not fail to attend the illustrated lecture by Peter MacQueen, under the auspices of the Smethport Fire Department, at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—Mrs. J. W. Bouton entertained at bridge at her home on West Main street Monday evening. This was the first meeting of a new bridge club recently formed.

—A number of new rubber coats have been placed at the disposal of the Smethport Fire Department and form a valuable addition to the equipment of that organization.

—The clam chowder supper given at St. Elizabeth's church last Saturday evening was a pronounced success. The supper was served under the able direction of "Paddy" Curran.

—The morning subject at the Methodist Episcopal church next Sunday will be "Judging no Man but Judging According to the Truth." The evening subject will be "As a Brother and as Brethren."

—There will be preaching at 10:30 a. m., next Sunday at the Baptist church. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Evening preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. J. Booth, pastor.

—Floyd Greer, a Bradford young man, died at the hospital in that city early Wednesday morning as the result of injuries sustained by being run over by a B., R. & P. railroad train, at the Main street crossing, Bradford, several weeks ago.

—George Guncheon and Lewis Catoni, two well known timber jobbers of Norwich, passed through Smethport Monday, having in charge a fine team which Mr. Guncheon purchased from Bissett Bros. of Bradford.

—Anson Burdick, the plumber, stepped on a nail while working at the home of Fenton Whalen, on Cemetery street, Monday morning. The nail penetrated nearly through the foot, causing an ugly wound, which has incapacitated Mr. Burdick for work since.

—Tuesday's Kane Republican says: Waldo Sasse, of the firm of Mitchell & Sasse, of Clarkesburg, W. Va., arrived in Kane Sunday evening. He had been ailing for a number of days and on his arrival here was taken ill with what might terminate in a run of typhoid fever.

—Sylvia Lawrence, who for a long time was chief operator at the local Bell telephone office here, and who has been filling the position of chief operator at the Olean office for several months past, has been transferred from the latter place to Jamestown, N. Y.

—The quarantine on the home of Guy H. McCoy, at the corner of Union and King streets, was raised last Saturday. Mrs. McCoy, who had a mild attack of scarlet fever, and daughter, Emily, who suffered a severe attack of the disease, have fully recovered from their illness.

—The Lindholm Company has something interesting to say in a new advertisement in another column of today's Miner.

—Ridgway's "white hope," in the person of "Big Otto," who will be known in pugilistic circles as Dan Dailey, will make his first appearance in the roped arena on Friday evening, when he will meet "Buck" Smith, a well-known colored gladiator, in Ridgway.

—Harold McCarthy, son of Chief-of-Police McCarthy, went to Bradford yesterday and entered Bon Air sanatorium for treatment. Harold has been bothered with a slight lung trouble, which a short course of treatment at Bon Air is expected to remedy. His many friends will unite in the hope for his speedy recovery.

—Official announcement has been made of the acceptance of the secretaryship of the State Board of Education by Dr. J. George Becht, principal of the State Normal School, Clarion, Pa. The work of organization will begin at once, though probably the formal opening of the headquarters of the board will be deferred until the first of January.

—J. C. Brenneman of Smethport, superintendent of the McKean County Home, underwent a surgical operation at the Bradford hospital last Saturday. At the present writing Mr. Brenneman has practically recovered from the effects of the operation, which was a successful one, all of which will be pleasing news to his hosts of friends throughout the county.

—The December issue of "The Boys' Magazine," published by the Scott F. Redfield Publishing company of this place is off the press and is being circulated. This magazine, which is now edited by Walter Camp, the noted athlete, grows larger and better each month. The December issue is a handsome one and is chock full of things of interest to the American youth.

—Prothonotary Wandall is the lucky possessor of the only map of Austin borough in existence. He had a copy made last year of the official and complete map made by the late E. A. Austin, which, with others, was lost in the flood. Mr. Wandall will have blue print copies made of his for the use of any one needing a map of the site of Austin.—Conderport Journal.

—The Warren Mail says: Jones' Bros Buffalo Ranch Wild West show arrived in Warren Saturday evening and went into winter quarters in the large building on the South side, near the old table works. A lion, elephant, two zebras, a number of trick horses and ponies, will be kept there during the winter. The work horses were sold in the south to save the expense of transportation north.

—A remarkable funeral service was conducted at Sartwell, this county, last week, when a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Daniel Crowley, of that place, at St. Mary's church. Rev. Father Peter Cauley was celebrant, and the other officers of the mass were Rev. Father Joseh Cauley, as deacon, and Rev. Father Stephen Cauley, as sub-deacon. These priests are all brothers of the deceased.

—The Warren Mirror says: The people of Warren will be pleased to learn that the condition of Hon. C. W. Stone is daily improving and there are good prospects for his ultimate recovery. Tuesday he was able to sit up for a short time and Wednesday and Thursday he was stronger than at any time during his illness. The attending physicians state that it will take time to bring about restored health, but they are hopeful that it will result.

—Yesterday's Era says: Coroner E. R. Sherman has received an inquiry from the branch legal department of the Royal Consulate of Italy, located in Philadelphia, relative to the death of Rosella Sebastiano, an Italian subject who was killed in McKean county while in the employ of the P., S. & N. railroad, on June 8. The coroner was unable to fin dany record of the death and is under the impression that the man was killed in some other county. The matter was referred to the attorneys for the railroad.

—The Bradford Star-Record of Monday says: Coroner E. R. Sherman received a message from Dr. Charles A. Stockle of Ludlow this morning stating that a man named Eric Huldman had been found dead in his bed about 8:30 o'clock this morning. Mr. Huldman had been in poor health for a number of days and had been under the doctor's care. Last evening he retired at an early hour and appeared to be no worse, but when the man he lives with went to call him this morning he could not rouse him. The doctor was called and found that he had been dead for some time.

—While under quarantine and guarded night and day by watchers, a house in this place, in which there were two cases of scarlet fever, was entered by someone who removed between sixty and seventy cans of fruit from the cellar. The Miner heard the report of this robbery last week, but on inquiring of one of the watchers on duty at the house as to the veracity of the story, was assured by that individual that the story had been started as a joke and his version offered such satisfactory explanation that the story was not published in this paper. We have since been informed by the gentleman who owns the house that the story of the robbery was true in every particular.

—A Cleveland dispatch of Nov. 16 says: United States Marshal Hy Davis left yesterday on an inspection tour through Ohio, Indiana and Michigan in the interest of the new industrial school that the Order of Moose will soon establish. He was accompanied by E. J. Henning of Milwaukee, Supreme Dictator, Arthur Jones of Indianapolis, Judge A. Gray of Cedar Rapids, and Rodney H. Brandan of Anderson, Ind. The new home may be located near Cleveland. Final decision upon the site will be made by the committee following this week's trip. The industrial school will cost more than a quarter of a million dollars.

—The case of Wilbur Dorsey of Olean, the son of Alderman Dorsey, was called for trial at Little Valley yesterday morning. Dorsey pleaded guilty to the charge of grand larceny in the second degree, in having taken upwards of $3,000 from the funds of the street and sewer departments, of Olean, where he was employed by the city, and Justice Pooley allowed him to go with a suspended sentence. The city's losses have been made good by the young-man's parents, as it was his first offense, there was much sympathy for the prisoner. A resolution of the common council of Olean asked the judge to be lenient and there was a long petition signed by many prominent Olean people to the same effect.

The Conderspart Democrat of last Friday says: Tuesday morning as workmen were passing along the B. & S. railroad track near Brookland portions of a human body were discovered scattered along the right of ways. An alarm was sounded and searchers began to gather up what could be found. About the only things that could connect the fragments with that which had once been a man were pieces of clothing and the two hands. The left hand had suffered the loss of one finger, the stump of which had healed. A time book was found which lead the searchers to believe that he had been employed in the woods at or near Ansonia. Unless some clue as to his identity is discovered the remains will be buried at the expense of the county.

—The Port Allegany Reporter of last week says: Through the Port Allegany Insuring Company, this week, Payson Bard was handed a check for $7,600.00 for the loss of his left arm in the recent automobile accident. Mr. Bard carried a $10,000.00 accident policy in case of death or the loss of two limbs, $5,000 to be paid for loss of hand or foot. Some time ago, Mr. Squires, of the local agency, urged Mr. Bard to take advantage of an increase clause, which for a small amount additional increased the benefit fifty per cent., which Mr. Bard luckily accepted. The policy also paid a disability of fifty dollars per week and hospital fees of a hundred dollars. This is not only an evidence that the local office has good paying and prompt companies on their list, but that the management is looking after the interest of their customers.

$100 Reward.

The above reward will be paid by the undersigned for the apprehension of the person or persons responsible for the destruction by fire of their hunting lodge on Bayer brook recently.

TOM COLE,
GEORGE BRENNAN.
Smethport, P.
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Store Closed Thanksgiving Day. Nov. 30,

Linens for Thanksgiving.

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Beautiful, good, wholesome linens are indespensible to the Thanksgiving spread.

A special purchase enables us to offer better values than usual this week.

Sun Bleached—all the betted grades. Not chemically bleached. Chemicals weaken the flaxon threads—eat away an invaluable gum which holds the tiny fibers together, destroying the strength of the union. Sun bleached has no effect on the gum.

Cloths the yard at 50c, 75c, $1.00, and $1.25.

Napkins the dozen at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.90 and $3.50.

Pattern sets Cloths 2½ to 3 yds. Napkins 22 in. $3.75 to $3.50 per set.

Pattern sets Round-Cloth 72 in. Napkins 22 in. $10.00 set.

Tray cloths each 25c, 50c, $1.00 and up to $3.75.

Doilies each 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.

Lunch cloths each $1.00, $1.50 $2.00 and up to $3.75.

FRY & COMES

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TRY THESE, They'll Please!

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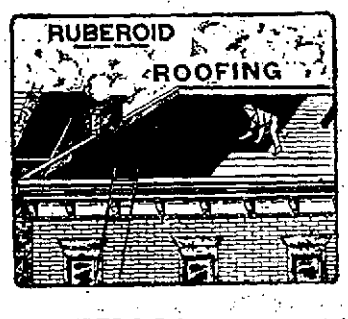

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

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FISK TIRES

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Water St.,

The Red Leather Chair

Cypher Revealed Hiding Place of Thief's Loot

By HOWARD FIELDING

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Edgar Hewitt was a fortunate young man in one respect, for he knew precisely what he wanted. He led the strenuous life of a journalist in a small, wide awake city, and his moments of rest were the fewer because, with one exception, everybody else connected with the paper was sound asleep. The property belonged to Hewitt's uncle, who had been a good newspaper man in his day, but had now run down like a clock.

It should be said in favor of Leonard Hewitt, the uncle, that he knew his own condition. He had lost interest in active business. A long buried love of travel had risen in his heart. It was the paper that held him. He had a pride in it. He would not let it die, nor would he sell it except to the right man. It was the ambition of Edgar Hewitt, the nephew, to buy it, and the terms had already been named. Ten

THE BAG WAS SNATCHED FROM HARDWELL'S HANDS.

thousand dollars cash and an equal sum annually for five years—that was the figure.

By saving and scheming Edgar had reached the point where he could raise about half of the sum required, but the other half looked a long way off, and it was a certainty that his uncle would sell out to somebody else unless the deal could be closed very soon.

A man named Bardwell, who owned two banks, was anxious to come in. He would have bought the paper for cash if the elder Hewitt would have sold it to him, but Bardwell was in politics for revenue only and desired the paper only as an adjunct to his schemes.

Upon a certain afternoon Bardwell saw reason to transfer $150,000 in cash from one of his banks to the other. He put the money into a hand bag and started across with it himself. About midway between the banks some clever person knocked Bardwell's spectacles from his nose—which was equivalent to blinding him—snatched the bag from his hand and made a clean escape.

An hour or two later a man named Henry Sanderson was arrested on the street because he seemed to fit the description of the thief and was known to have done such things before.

Among those who investigated the case was Edgar Hewitt, and he formed a very gloomy opinion as to the banker's chance of seeing his money again and more especially of Edgar Hewitt's chance of finding the loot and securing the reward. Sanderson had arrived in the city on the previous evening and had taken a room at the hotel. This was his only known center of operations, and he had not visited it after Bardwell's mishap. He could not be traced to any possible place where he might have deposited his plunder.

Supposing that Sanderson was guilty, it seemed probable that he had passed the money to a confederate who had escaped from the city.

At this point in the case a ray of light illuminated the darkness. I have said that the staff of the paper included one other living and waking member besides Hewitt. This was a bright girl named Mabel Reed, who gathered the news which was of especial interest to women and made herself useful in various capacities. Her accomplishments included the expert use of the camera, and she supplied the paper with material for most of its illustrations.

Miss Reed's nature combined the romantic and the practical in admirable proportions. In her secret heart she was utterly devoted to Hewitt. His career was the subject of her dreams. Among those who saw Mr. Sanderson in the early hours of his stay at police headquarters was Mabel Reed. She "snapped" him with a little camera that looked like a purse. She developed the picture, which came out very well, and early the next day she took it into a section of the city which seemed to her to have been neglected, judging from Hewitt's story in the morning paper.

About noon, when Hewitt was on his way to headquarters, Miss Reed intercepted him. She was considerably excited.

"I have found a little girl on Vine street," said she, "who saw that man go into the house, No. 21."

"Sanderson!"

"Yes. It was about an hour after the robbery. The girl says he used a key, but the landlady does not know him. It's a house where they rent furnished rooms, quite nice and respectable and all that. The landlady is telling the truth, but I'm sure that the little girl is not mistaken."

"What do you make of that?" asked Hewitt.

"Why, the man must have used somebody else's key. He has n—what do you call it?—a pal living there."

"You may be right," said Hewitt, more excited than she had ever seen him before. "We'll look this up. Wait for me in that drug store while I run into headquarters and ask Staley what he knows. Then I'll join you."

Staley was the chief of police, a creature of politics, but not an aggressively bad man. He was tricky, but not malicious; clever up to a certain level and utterly dense beyond it.

"Ha!" said he, drawing the word out into a sort of singing note when his eyes rested on Hewitt. "Here's the shrewdest boy of the bunch. You come right along with me," and he led the reporter into the innermost private room.

"Are you good at puzzles?" said he.

"Fair," said Hewitt. "What have you got?"

"A note from Sanderson to his pal," responded Staley, and Hewitt's heart sank.

"You see," continued the chief, "it's the money we want. We've got the man beyond a doubt—that is, we've got one of them. There's another on the outside, as I know from the beginning; and, of course, the fellow on the inside would like to communicate with him.

"Well, why not give him a chance?" says I. So I fixed up a scheme by which Sanderson was able to write a note in his cell last evening and pass it to a little, unimportant crook whom we were holding here on suspicion and were ready to let go. The note was passed all right, and one of my men shadowed the little crook, and what do you suppose he did? By jingo, he went home and went to bed!

"When I found that this was straight I had the fellow brought down here with Sanderson's note on him. I said, 'Where did he tell you to take this?' And the crook replied, 'Nowhere; just take it and run along.' What do you make of that?"

"I don't know," said Hewitt. "What was in the note?"

"That's what I want you to tell me," responded the chief. "Here it is."

He laid before Hewitt the following humorous message written on half a sheet of note paper:

```
RaCeTeDrHaSyNmH
iHr,HaLeEtIIEoEt
111, 15, 12, 26, 14, 112, 23,
111, 25, 110, 12, 111, 111.
```

"This is too much for me," said Hewitt; "but I know somebody who can read it."

"Who?"

"Miss Reed of our paper."

"I believe you, my boy," said Staley, with enthusiasm. "She's the brightest girl in this town."

"She'll be here in two minutes," said Hewitt, and he made his word good.

After devoting five or ten minutes to a close study of the mystic scroll Miss Reed ventured to express this opinion: "The man knew that this would fall into your hands."

"What makes you think so?" asked Staley.

"I judge from what it says," she replied.

"You've read it?"

"Yes; it is quite simple. The figures refer to the letters. He might as well have set down the alphabet, but that would have been too plain. Now, take the first number, 111. It can't really be 111, because there are not so many letters as that. But suppose you read it one, eleven—that is, first row, eleventh letter. That's S. Similarly 15 is first row, fifth letter. That's T, and 12 is A. Twenty-six is second row, sixth letter. That's L."

"Seems to be my name," said Staley, poring over the document. "'STALE and 112 is Y. That's me. Twenty-one is I, and 111 is S—STALEY IS. Twenty-five is A, and 110 is N, and 12 is A"—

"And 111 twice means SS," said Hewitt. "'Staley is an ass.' Well, upon my word!"

The chief's face was purple, but he forced a laugh.

"Funny, eh?" said he. "Mr. Sanderson thought he'd be funny. Well, well. Let's see what happens to him. But—er—I wouldn't mention this outside. You're a good fellow, Hewitt. You understand that—er—a man in my position, you know— And Miss Reed will keep mum. That's understood, eh, between friends?"

And Staley took a hand of each with a great affectation of cordiality. Hewitt promised to respect the chief's feelings on this delicate subject, and Miss Reed also gave her assurances, but in a very weak voice, which Hewitt attributed to the young lady's efforts not to laugh. But when they were upon the street and around the corner from headquarters she suddenly took his arm and leaned upon it heavily.

"I'm trembling so that I can hardly stand," she said. "Oh, I wonder if I've done anything very dreadful!"

"Why, what have you done?" he exclaimed, staring at her, amazed. "You're as pale as a marble angel. What is it, Mabel?"

"It must be understood," said she, "that if anything comes of this—if we find that money—the reward is yours."

"The money!" Hewitt gasped. "Do you know where it is?"

"Perhaps. I can't be sure. I should not have told you yet, Edgar, I knew you're working for this reward; I know what you would do with the money and how much good would come of it, to yourself and others—to the whole city. You must take this money if we win it."

"My dear girl," said he, with the tenderness that she had longed to hear in his voice, "it would be yours. I couldn't touch a penny of it. I've done nothing myself."

"Edgar," she cried, "if you don't promise me to take it I'll carry this bit of paper right back to Mr. Staley and tell him what it means."

He fairly gasped at the sight of Harry Sanderson's message in her hand.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "did you get away with that? I thought Staley threw it into the wastebasket."

"He did," she answered, "but here it is. Will you promise?"

He was silent for some seconds.

"Mabel," said he at last, "this reward from Hardwell would be the other half of what I need. By next week we could own the paper, you and I."

"We?"

"Partners," said he. "Shall we pool all we have and all we hope for, material and spiritual, just everything? Shall we?"

He extended his hand toward her, and it trembled. She looked into his face.

"Done!" said she, and they struck hands. "And now to seek our fortune!"

"Where?"

"At 21 Vine street."

"But I don't understand," said he.

"Suppose that Mr. Sanderson had a pal who lived at 21 Vine street," said she. "Suppose they were planning some robbery together and Mr. Sanderson had a key of that house so that he could call upon his pal by night or day without ringing the bell. Sanderson gets a chance to snatch a bag full of money; he gets it and runs to shelter. Where? In the Vine street house, of course. But his pal is not there. What shall he do? He knows that the alarm is out for him. He dare not go upon the street with the money in his pockets; he dare not delay longer lest every avenue out of the city shall be guarded. What would he do?"

"Hide it!" cried Hewitt.

"Precisely," said she. "Then he goes out and is immediately arrested. He is anxious about the money. He seizes upon the chance to communicate with his pal, although he knows that it is a trick. He never expected that note to be delivered; he expected the reporters to get hold of it and publish it for the sake of the joke on Staley. Then the pal would see it and read the real message."

"The real one?"

"Not another word," said she, "until we get to the house."

The landlady at No. 21 proved very obliging. After a whispered word or two with Mabel she led them to a room.

"The man's gone," she said. "He left this morning. And I'm sure he behaved like a gentleman while he was in my house. Who'd have thought he was a thief? My! It makes me faint to think of it. But he must be the one, for he's the only transient I had, and that's the old red leather chair in my house."

"Red leather chair?" echoed Hewitt.

"The young lady wants to photo-

"THE MAN KNEW THIS WOULD FALL INTO OUR HANDS."

graph it," said the landlady. "Make yourselves at home. You're quite welcome, I'm sure," and she smilingly withdrew.

"Take your knife," said Mabel in a whisper, "and pull out the tacks that hold that leather to the wood."

He stared at her and then obeyed. From the stuffed seat of the chair he presently drew $150,000 in bills.

"The paper is ours!" he cried. "But how"—

She held Sanderson's message before his eyes:

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RaCeTeDrHaSyNmH
iHrHaLeEtIIEoEt
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"Read from the end," said she, "from the lower to the upper row alternately, 'the money.' Do you see it? Childishly simple. I think Sanderson certainly was right about Mr. Staley."

A Fortune In Borneo

The Story of an Eccentric Will

By EDNA D. BARTOW

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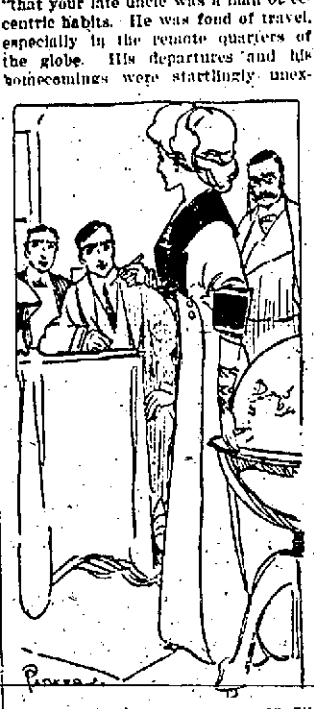
The three heirs at law were grouped about the table in the library. At the head of the table, seated in the favorite chair of the late William Lane, was his lawyer, who looked sharply over his spectacles at the girl and the two men and then glanced down at a document in his hand.

"You all know," he began gravely, "that your late uncle was a man of eccentric habits. He was fond of travel, especially in the remote quarters of the globe. His departures and his homecomings were startlingly unex-



"I HAVE DUG FOR AND DISCOVERED THE TREASURE."

pected, and when he was at home he occupied this residence with his only niece, Miss Lane"—he bowed toward the black gowned girl and resumed—"as his companion and his devoted and disinterested nephews as constant visitors.

"Your uncle's marked eccentricity of habit may explain in a measure the strange disposition he has made of his property. I will now proceed to read the will."

Stripped of legal forms and phrases and omitting the preamble, the document was as follows:

"I hereby give and bequeath all of my property, real and personal, which is represented by various securities, a list of which is attached hereto, solely and absolutely to the one of the following named persons who discovers the hiding place of these securities. These documents are buried in the island of Borneo in a spot situated ten miles in a northeasterly direction from the town Dakar, in the province of Sarawak. I recommend that my nephews, Allen Lane and Burton Lane, and my niece, Cynthia Lane, begin this search immediately after my death, and to the one of the three who discovers this hiding place I give and bequeath all of the property of which I may die possessed."

"Here are a few general directions that may assist you in discovering the securities," said Mr. Phillips blandly as he gave to each one a slip of typewritten paper.

"Well," said Allen Lane, moving toward the door and followed closely by his brother, "it is evident that Uncle William intended that we should invest a large sum of money in order to acquire possession of his fortune, but in my opinion it will be worth the expenditure. I have no doubt that surveyors can locate the spot, and the sooner the venture is made the quicker we will achieve results."

"Is it your intention to go to Borneo at once?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, as soon as I can arrange my affairs. I hope my brother will go with me."

"Oh, I shall do that—never fear," interpolated Burton hastily.

"It will be necessary for each one of you to sign this agreement binding yourselves to agree with the terms of the will and expressing your consent to take an equal chance in the hunt for the money and to abide by the consequences, whatever they are." This was acceded to, and after signing the document the lawyer had prepared the brothers turned to leave the room when Mr. Phillips detained them.

"I would suggest, gentlemen, that your cousin, Miss Cynthia, be left in charge of the residence until the estate is settled. The small income that will suffice to support her during your absence would take the place of money paid to a caretaker. She is quite penniless, as you know, and depended entirely upon the generosity of your uncle."

"Very well," they agreed rather grudgingly.

Cynthia Lane turned to the lawyer with a puzzled look on her fair face. "I cannot understand," she said reflectively, "how Uncle William could expect me to enter the contest, for he knew that I did not have the means to go to Borneo."

"In spite of your poverty, Miss Cynthia, I firmly believe that you will be the one to discover the Lane millions," encouraged Mr. Phillips, with an enigmatic smile.

Cynthia Lane, prevented by her lack of means from going to Borneo to search for the money, resumed her quiet life in the old mansion, often pondering upon the mysterious utterances of Mr. Phillips, whom she frequently met.

"Found the treasure yet, Miss Cynthia?" he would ask, with a keen glance from under his shaggy brows.

"No," she once replied ruefully, "I am afraid I must possess a fortune to find a fortune."

"Tut, tut, child," he said somewhat sternly. "Can't you trust your Uncle William to have given you an equal chance with your cousins? Use your wits! Use your wits!"

"But uncle said he never had been in Borneo, and so I cannot see"—

"Use your wits!" snapped the lawyer as he bowed himself away.

After that Cynthia did use her wits, but apparently to no definite purpose, and so the long year dragged to its close. Then one day, eighteen months after the conference in the library, the lawyer appeared, accompanied by the Lane brothers.

Both Allen and Burton were surprisingly changed. They were bronzed by exposure to tropical suns and winds, and the free open air life had evidently restored them to a full measure of the health they lacked, for they stood before Cynthia with stalwart, straight figures and clear eyes, yet there was a dogged grimness in their expressions that denoted failure in their undertaking.

When the greetings were over and they were seated about the library table Cynthia asked quietly, "What luck, cousins?"

"None," replied Burton bitterly. "As far as I can learn at this late day Uncle William had never been in Borneo."

"For my part I cannot understand why he should send us on a wild goose chase. Under the circumstances a compromise must be made or I shall contest the will," protested Allen.

"You signed an agreement," remarked the lawyer calmly. "If the money is not found by the first of the year, when the two years have expired, why, the entire sum goes to create scholarships in the Conservatory of Music."

Cynthia arose and, her face turning from white to red, said slowly, "No one has asked what success I have had."

"You! What do you mean?" inquired Allen Lane, in manifest alarm.

"I mean," said Cynthia, "that I have dug for and discovered the treasure buried under the island of Borneo."

Mr. Phillips rubbed his hands excitedly, and his kind eyes twinkled merrily. "Now, now, my dear Miss Cynthia, this is a surprise! Pray, tell us about it."

Cynthia, still standing, rested her slender finger tips on the table and spoke: "After your departure, cousins, I naturally thought much of the matter. The result of this was that I concluded that my uncle would never have included me among the contestants for his money if he had not intended I should have an equal chance with yourselves. Wealth I had not. Means were not offered to pay my expenses to Borneo, so in the seclusion of the library here I followed you, my cousins, around the world to the island of Borneo." She drew the huge globe of the world toward her as she spoke and whirled it slowly around.

"I traced your course from Singapore to Kuching and thence to Dakar. Then by studying the scale of miles on the map and making proper deductions I believed I could put my pencil on the very point in the island where you were to dig for the treasure.

Cynthia paused, quite pale now, while the brothers stared at her with strained eyes. Mr. Phillips wore his perpetual smile.

"Then," she continued, "I pressed the point of my pencil firmly into the globe on the exact spot, saying to myself in my foolish play as treasure seeker, 'I will dig here,' when to my amazement this happened." As she spoke the words she pressed her pencil point firmly upon the globe, and the great ball dropped in hinged halves before them. In the aluminium cavities thus exposed were stuffed many documents tightly wedged together.

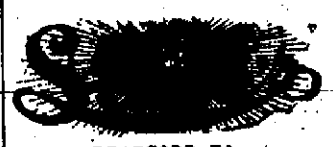
The brothers leaped to their feet. Allen turned passionately to the lawyer. "You knew this all the time!" he shouted.

"Give me the papers," said Mr. Phillips calmly, and when Cynthia had complied with the request he sorted them deftly and threw an envelope across the table to Allen. "Read that aloud," he commanded brusquely.

Allen Lane read in his very harsh accents:

"Dear Nephews—I trust that by this time is ended the long journey combined with hard work, which, my lads, is the greatest treasure in the world. If you had listened to the maunderings of your poor old uncle you would have remembered that he has repeatedly told you that the island of Borneo is the only country in the world he had never visited. To the one who had the patience to listen to an old man and who proves it by his recollection of the above facts I have given my fortune. Which one of you three have remembered the dull tales of your tedious old uncle? I'll wager it is my quiet lit. Ge Cynthia."

The brothers looked sheepishly at each other and then at Cynthia, who was weeping softly. As by one accord their harsh faces softened and they stretched their hands across the table toward her while the little lawyer smiled beneficently over all.



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I have just received one of the most complete lines of heating stoves, large and small, ever shown in the town.

Come in and look them over, you will be sure to find just what you are looking for.

E. W. STRONG

THE FACE IN THE GLASS

A Halloween Frolic With Magical Happenings

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The telephone bell jangled sharply. Helen placed the needle at one point and drew the transmitter toward her.

"Hello," she answered. Then a moment later she hurried into the next room. "A call for you, dad. Mrs. Simpson has had a shaking spell, and they want you at once."

Dr. Ferris tossed aside his book and stretched himself wearily. "I had hoped for an uninterrupted evening," he murmured ruefully. "It means an all night seance, I suppose." He went into the bedroom adjoining his office

HARKER

SHE GRASPED THE POKER AND THOROUGHLY SEARCHED THE ROOM.

and kicked off his slippers. His voice came heartily to the girl standing by the fire.

"Sorry to leave you alone, Neil. If your mother was only home now you'd have no cause to be timid. She's as brave as they make 'em."

"So am I," retorted Helen quickly. "I never have the chance to prove my bravery, that's all. I shall sit up till you come back. I shall read until then. I'm not a bit sleepy."

"Better not try to sit up, my dear. It's a ten mile drive over and back, and it's 10 o'clock now. Ann out tonight?" He came into the room shrugging on his heavy overcoat, for the October night was sharply cold.

Helen found his medicine case and his gloves. "Yes; Ann went to a party in the town hall. You know it's Hallowe'en, dad."

"Bless me, is that the reason I found the gate off its hinges and the barn door locked fast when I got in?"

"Yes," laughed the girl. "Ann took every precaution against mischief makers."

The doctor bent and kissed her. "Don't read any spooky books on Hallowe'en. You know the witches are abroad." He lighted a lantern and left the house.

Helen locked the doors carefully and assured herself that the windows were locked and shades drawn down. Then she ran to the office window and parted the curtains to watch her father drive out of the yard. Ben's hoofs tramped out of the barn, around the drive, and the doctor's hand waved a shadowy farewell as the buggy rolled through the gate.

Helen watched it, a blot on the moonlit road, until it disappeared. Then she withdrew and sought the coziness of the sitting room. The house seemed deadly quiet save for the hundred secret sounds that jarred upon her nerves with every passing moment. She tried to fasten her mind on her book, but she turned page after page without comprehending a word of what she had read.

She turned the lamp higher and leaned back in her chair. "I wish I'd tried to have a little fun tonight," she mused. "I could have asked some of the girls, and we might have had no end of fun trying Halloween stunts. I believe I'll try some all alone. Oh, dear, I wish I had gone with dad. I'm not a bit brave. Mother is as brave as a lion, but I'm—I guess I'm like the cowardly lion in the play."

With some uneasiness she went into the kitchen, holding a lamp high to light the way. She found a basket in which she placed some great red apples, a handful of chestnuts, a sharp knife and Ann's small, square looking glass that hung over the sink. With these she returned to the sitting room and locked all the doors that led from that room and the study, thus barricading herself within the two rooms.

With a little flirt of her skirts she returned to the hearth and placed her chestnuts on the grating before the clear coal fire.

"I ought to name these," she said thoughtfully. "Dear me, I don't know a man in Wedgecome I'm interested enough in. Let me see—I'll name one after the new minister, just because I don't know him very well and the other—well, the other will be the Unknown."

She placed the chestnuts on the grate and watched them, a little whimsical smile curling her red lips. The new minister chestnut swelled and wabbled fearfully. A regretful sigh broke from Helen's lips as she watched the quiet brown shell that represented the Unknown lover. Was not there a slight stirring of the nut? No, but the new minister was about to pop wildly from his place.

Crack! Helen sprang back with a delighted laugh. The Unknown had suddenly burst into a thousand white fragments that spattered the hearth. An instant later the unfortunate minister bounced over into the fire and was consumed.

"A clear case of suicide," chuckled Helen, brushing the hearth vigorously.

Absorbed now in her lonely frolic, Helen deliberately pared an apple until the long red peeling dangled unbroken from her fingers. With a quick, graceful movement she tossed the paring over her shoulder and watched it settle into curling form on the green carpet. Eagerly she bent above it, suppressing a little cry of surprise.

Clearly outlined, the apple paring had fallen into a large "U." "The Unknown," she breathed softly. "Not yet, my dear. The right one has not appeared. He is still unknown. Now the mirror test. I should wait until midnight for that. Brrrrr!"

She dropped into a low chair before the fire. Behind her was the wide doorway leading to the office. Beside her was an old fashioned secretary and bookcase standing close to the mantelpiece. Propped against the lid was Ann's cheaply framed looking glass, awaiting the test of midnight.

Helen looked into the mirror pensively. She saw a white forehead, above which brown hair was crisply parted. She saw level dark brows, dark eyes, long lashed and softly appealing in their innocence, pink curved cheeks and charming mouth.

Perhaps it was the steady gazing into the mirror or maybe the genial warmth of the fire that sent her sound asleep in her chair.

At last some sound seemed to penetrate to her unconsciousness, some unusual noise, something that should not be. She awoke and instantly realized the situation. She was quite alone. She had been asleep, for how long she did not know, and some sound there was some sound around the house.

She sat up alert, and her eyes met her own reflection in the little mirror before her. At that instant the clock chimed twelve strokes, slowly, portentously, it seemed to the girl sitting over the fire.

Before the last stroke had chimed her horrified eyes had glimpsed another face beside her own in the looking glass—a man's face, young, dark, handsome, with smiling lips—and then it suddenly vanished as Helen whirled around in her chair and looked behind her, for there the man must have been.

With shaking limbs Helen arose and looked about her at the room, which seemed strange to her bewildered senses. Either there was some one in the room with her or else the face in the glass was—a spirit!

Half fearfully she peered into the glass once more and as timidly drew back with a sharp cry of fear, for there was the face now peering at her with anxious eyes. With a sudden accession of angry courage she grasped the poker and thoroughly searched the room. She was about to enter the office when there came the repetition of a sound that she had thought but the tapping of the elm branches against the window.

Some one was rapping on the office window.

Stealthily she stole into the room and listened. Again it came, from one of the front windows, and a man's voice sounded from without.

"Doctor in?" he called.

Helen hesitated. If it was some midnight marauder she must tell him the doctor was at home.

"Yes," she called waveringly.

"Can't you get him up, please? I'm sorry to trouble you, only"—

Helen had fearfully approached the front windows, and all at once she saw a face pressed close to the pane—a man's face, the same she had seen reflected in the mirror. Then she saw that she had neglected to draw down the window shade after bidding her father farewell. She glanced from the window and to the secretary in the next room and saw that they were in direct line. The mystery of her "fate" in the glass was now explained.

"Can't you wait awhile?" she called anxiously to the unknown man beyond the window. "Is it an urgent case?"

"I don't know. I'll wait awhile if he can't see me now. You see, I've broken my arm—at least I believe so," he shouted back, and Helen saw with growing pity that his lips were white and his face quite gray with pain. Then he disappeared with a suddenness that indicated that he might have collapsed upon the ground.

"Coward!" sneered Helen at herself as she threw wide the glass doors that led to the office porch and stepped outside. Under the front window was a dark heap.

Somehow she managed to drag his solid weight to the steps and prop soft cushions under his back and limp arm.

While she was doing this she was overjoyed to hear the sharp trit-tot of Ben's hoofs along the hard road. The man suddenly opened his dark eyes and looked straight at her.

"What's that noise?" he asked sharply.

"The doctor. He'll be here in just a minute."

He half arose and then fell back with a wince of pain. "I thought you said he was at home?" he questioned.

"I was all alone in the house. I was afraid. You see, I didn't know who it was," faltered Helen. "I saw your face first in the mirror."

"I saw yours, too," he said briefly, struggling unaided to a sitting posture. "You were so intent on looking in that little glass I couldn't make you hear a sound, though I've been ringing your doorbell for the last half hour."

"I'm very sorry," confessed Helen, blushing. "You see, this is Hallowe'en, and Ann, our maid, has removed all the bell clappers in the house. The boys are usually very mischievous and play such pranks. I never heard the bell because it didn't ring. When I saw your face peering in I was frightened."

"No wonder," he said thoughtfully.

"Here is father!" cried Helen, relievedly. "Oh, dad, some one is waiting for you! This gentleman has broken his arm."

Dr. Ferris dismounted and tied his horse to the post. "I seem to be blessed by the witches tonight," he laughed heartily. "I hope your broken arm is of the same seriousness as the case that called me ten miles away from home tonight." All the while he was speaking he had assisted the stranger into the office, followed by Helen, her arms full of cushions.

She saw the stranger, tall, strong, with a rarely winning smile, watching her face intently.

The doctor bundled the newcomer into the sitting room. "Sit down before the fire, sir, and I'll attend to you immediately. Helen, step to the sideboard and bring me that cordial and a glass." He threw off his wrappings and busied himself in the office.

When Helen returned from the dining room with bottle and glass she found the stranger standing, gazing down at the apple paring that had curled into a big "U." There was a flickering smile about his lips, repressed at once when the girl entered. With a quick movement she picked it up and tossed it into the fire's heart. Then she went blushing into the office.

The next half hour she worked busily. She was at Dr. Ferris' right hand every bit out as he ripped the sleeves, set the arm and bandaged it smoothly. When he had finished the stranger's face was gray with pain and strain.

"You'll have to stay here all night, sir, unless you have some one waiting for you," said the doctor, rising to his feet.

"I was on my way home. I live on Panther hill, at the Keith place. My automobile broke down just below here. It ran into a tree and threw me out. That's how I broke this. I was all alone and saw the lights in the house and when I got to the window saw your office sign. If you can give me a bed till morning I'll be much obliged."

"Certainly," said the doctor cordially. "You'd better stay till noon or longer, as you please. Helen, will you prepare a room for Mr."—

"Keith," replied the other quickly. "Ulysses Keith is my name." He crinkled a little smile at Helen, and she realized that he had seen through her little Halloween rites.

The "U" on the door must have loomed large in his sight. How presumptuous that he should have noticed it! With flaming cheeks she

G A HARKER

"CAN'T YOU WAIT AWHILE?" SHE CALLED ANXIOUSLY.

hastened away to prepare the room for the stranger who had come to them so mysteriously on Halloween.

Once she paused while opening the bed, and her lips parted with a queer little smile.

"The face in the glass—he was a stranger, too—and the chestnut was the Unknown. The apple paring spelled 'U,' for 'Unknown,' and his name is Ulysses Keith, another unknown. Dear me! I wonder?" She went off into a mirthful peal of laughter.

"Can't I share in the fun?" asked the deep voice of Ulysses Keith. "If it has anything to do with the apple paring, why"—

But Helen had fled swiftly away.

Ulysses Keith accepted the doctor's kindly ministrations, but when the physician had made him comfortable and departed the young man did not go to sleep. Instead he gazed out into the world which lay in a faint mystical light shed by the setting moon.

"The sweetest face I ever saw," he murmured. "The witches could not have been abroad tonight. Good fairies only could have brought me here. As for the letter 'U,' I wonder if there's anything in that? I'll do the best I can to make it come true."

Origin of "Canard."

The French name for a duck is canard and a French journal recalls the etymology of "canard" in the pejorative journalistic sense. A Paris reporter once upon a time in the hot weather could find no news and he fell back upon his imagination. He published an account of a remarkable experiment conducted in a farmyard.

A farmer took twelve ducklings, chopped one up fine and gave it to the eleven others to eat. A second was chopped and the remaining ten gobbled him up. For eight more days one duckling was served up to the others. At last, when only two were left, one of the two was given to the other to eat. This remarkable experiment resulted, therefore, in the one remaining duckling having eaten up his eleven brothers.

The story of the "Twelve Little Ducks" sprang at once into fame. A "canard" in a newspaper has ever since meant a statement nearer fiction than fact.

Persia's Pipe Guardian.

The queen of pipes belongs to the shah of Persia. Why is the great chieftain of pipes a queen? Probably because pipe is a feminine noun in French. The little shah's pipe was smoked by his father before him, and by his uncle, and by his grandfather, and how many more of the rulers of Darius' kingdom we know not. The pipe is adorned with all kinds of precious stones and is said to be worth £10,000. It is constantly guarded by a high court functionary, whose duties allow him as much leisure as the superintendent of the Persian arsenal, but as there is no arsenal in Persia so the extent of the sinecure may be judged. Still, this functionary is responsible. This is how his office was created: Once a grand vizier was found trying to pry out a stone from the pipe with his poniard. Then the office of guardian of the imperial pipe was created. What became of the grand vizier is not recorded.—London Globe.

A Comedy of Economy.

A comedy of economy, as reported from St. Moritz. A stout couple, accompanied by a son and daughter who were also "thick," as the Germans translate stout, entered a crowded hotel at the busy time of lunch and ordered one lunch at table d'hote. The father sat down and finished two helpings of soup and all the bread near him and left the table, his place being taken for the entrees by his wife, who had been waiting with her children in the hotel corridor until her husband appeared.

The young man then took his mother's place to attack the joint, and he was followed by his sister for the sweets, all doing justice to the menu. In the crowd the tourists did not notice the unusual lunch, but the head waiter did, and when asked for the bill presented one for four lunches. The paterfamilias grumbled a good deal—and paid!—Geneva correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

Winning the Derby.

It costs a good deal of money to win the English Derby. An authority tells us that a horse with the least chance to win will cost anywhere from $25,000 up, which will prevent the average clerk or newspaper man from owning more than half a dozen or so at the outside. Then there is the training, which is a thing not to be done on Sunday afternoons in the back yard. An experienced trainer must be employed, and his charges for the necessary period will amount to about $1,000 for each horse. The jockey has to be paid, and a good jockey would scorn the pay of an archbishop or the profits of even a senator. And if he wins he will expect a present. King Edward used to give his jockeys $2,500 for a win, which makes one wish to be a jockey. But of course it takes brain.—Exchange.

Just Like Himself.

The cheerful patient needed all his good spirits, for the severe operation had been a failure and the doctors were hesitating to tell him. The physician stood by his bedside in the hospital, and from his grave expression the patient suspected the truth.

"Well, doc," he said, with a sad smile, "it must have been like this."

He fumbled under his pillow and produced an envelope which had been erroneously delivered in another ward. On the envelope was scribbled in pencil, "Opened by mistake."—New York Sun.

Mighty Jupiter.

Jupiter, the largest of the planets, is 1,300 times the bulk and 310 times the mass of the earth, and accomplishes its rotation on its axis in nine hours fifty minutes. As the equatorial circumference is 275,000 miles, the linear rotational velocity of a point on the equator is nearly eight miles a second.

His Writings.

Kidder—Do you write for art's sake or for the money? Scribbler—For both. I write for the magazines for art's sake and to my father for money.—Toledo Blade.

The Dear Innocent.

Mother—When he attempted to kiss you, why didn't you call me? Daughter (innocently)—Well, mamma, dear, I didn't know you wanted to be kissed.

The Turning Point.

Maud—I hear Jack turned up at your house again last night. Ethel—Yes, and got turned down as usual.—Boston Transcript.

Ill fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.—Ben Jonson.

State.

Governor—John K. Tener.
Sate Treasurer—John O. Sheb.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young
Secy of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Beuter Smethport.
Member of Congress—Charles E. Patter Curwensville.
State Senator—Frank M. Baldwin, Austin
Members of Assembly—R. W. Hilton Smethport; E. E. Benson, Mt. Jewett.
Sheriff—Wm. M. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. F. Stanley, Smethport
Recorder—E. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Johnson, Smethport.
Clark of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—E. H. Adair, Bradford; W. G Hobbes, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Ashby, Smethport; A. E Anders , Clermont; A. M. Cory, Corydlie.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—M. E. Heath, President; F. M Bleier, Secretary; J. W. Waite, M. W Workley, G. H. Deuling, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Estes.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove
Constable—C. H. Foote.
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Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. M. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin W. H. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, F. B McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No 70 meets Friday evenings at 8:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G
W. G. HOLDEN, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesday of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Broad Hive, No 48, meets I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 2 meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
ELIZABETH PURTLE, Pres
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
JOHN PICKERSGILL, S.
L. K. HOGARTH C. of R.

CHURCHES

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGavern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 4 p. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

B. P. Oviitt was a Bradford visitor Monday

D. M. Cooper had business in Olean yesterday.

J. C. Stull of Portville had business in town Friday last.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison was a Bradford visitor Tuesday.

B. T. Garlick was a Buffalo visitor a few days this week

Misses Ira Holder and Ella Gallup were Olean visitors Monday

Mrs. C W. Freeman was the guest of Eldred friends last Friday.

Chas. McKean and H. H. Redfield were Eldred visitors Tuesday

Mr. and Mrs Frank Dunbar of Olean are visiting relatives in town.

A. L. Colegrove of Olean was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin and daughter, Maribel, were Bradford visitors Monday.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison left this morning on a business mission to Kane.

Mrs. Andrew Hanley and son, Francis, are visiting relatives and friends in Olean

Joseph Hull and Frank Armstrong of Norwich were Smethport visitors Tuesday evening.

Mrs C. H. Curtiss was a guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles Hartmayer, of Buffalo this week.

J. E. Stives of Hazelhurst was calling on friends and relatives in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Eberspacher attended the funeral of the late Dr. Roswell Sartwell at Eldred yesterday

John Haley returned to his home in Bradford Saturday after a few days visit with his brother, Harry Haley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Chisholm and son, James, were guests of Austin relatives from Saturday until Monday.

C. A. Anderson and A. G. McAllister of Colegrove and Guy B Mayo of this place attended a Masonic meeting in Olean Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. F C. Sartwell and daughter, Margaret, were in Eldred yesterday to attend the funeral of the former's nephew, the late Dr Roswell Sartwell

Hon. J W Bouton, Dr. Burg Chadwick and C W Shattuck left last Saturday for Clinton county on a deer hunting expedition Owing to a sore foot Dr Chadwick was obliged to come home on Monday. We have not heard what success the others have had

HOME FROM 8,000 MILE TRIP.

Salamanca, Nov. 18.—Representative Edward B. Vreeland returned home Thursday night after a trip of 8,000 miles with the National Monetary commission, of which he was acting chairman in the absence of ex-Senator Aldrich. Beginning October 16th, public hearings on the proposed financial legislation were given in New York, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Kansas City, St. Louis, Salt Lake City and Denver.

While it was not planned as a speaking trip, Representative Vreeland addressed chamber of commerce meetings in every western city, beginning at St. Paul In several cities luncheons were given by the commercial bodies at which Mr Vreeland also spoke

He states that while it has been the hardest month's work he ever experienced, he found the tour very interesting The bankers are practically unanimous for the commissions currency plan and business men are emphatic in demanding legislation to prevent panics, but without any definite plan as to how it should be accomplished

ELDRED'S GLASS FACTORY.

Thos Kervin, the president of the Kervin glass factory, has taken the bull by the horns, so to speak, and will keep the glass plant here running in the face of a depressed market and short gas supply He is now cutting out a right-of-way for a line from his own wells and others near Duke Center, from which he expects about a hundred thousand feet of gas a day, and pipe has been ordered to lay from Sartwell to Larabee where connections will be made with the Eldred gas company's line and the supply brought here. These added to the present supply, with the installation of steam heat, electric lights and oil fuel in the flattening ovens, if these after improvements are adopted, should assure work at the Kervin factory in spite of the cold weather. The workmen's wages are based on market conditions in a manner that makes a sort of co-operative plan The Eldred plant should be in a reasonably good position to stand the oppressions of the machine plants —Eldred Eagle

For Sale.

A five-year-old cow, and a quantity of hay Inquire of

It MRS CAROLINE WASHBURN.

Subscribe for The Miner.

BRUIN'S BANQUET.

It Was Long Drawn Out and Only Whetted His Appetite.

THE FINISH WAS EXCITING.

After the Park Course Gave Out a Dessert of Cold Lead Ended the Feast, and the Unwilling Host Vowed Never Again to Feel With a Bear.

A teamster in the employ of one of the big tanneries in the west had a laughable yet trying adventure with a bear while on his way from the woods with a load of bark As he emerged from the woods with his team he stopped to give the mules a breathing spell and to eat his dinner, which he carried in a tin bucket. He had scarcely opened his bucket and begun to eat when a bear came out of the woods on one side of the road, only two or three rods in the rear of the wagon Bruin sauntered along, paying no attention to the team, but the teamster, desirous of seeing what the bear would do, threw a bit of salt pork in his way. The bear stopped, smelled at the pork and gulped it down greedily.

Then the animal, noting the source of the morsel, came toward the wagon and rose on his haunches as if to say that another bit of pork would prove acceptable

The teamster laughed and tossed out a second piece which Bruin devoured, and then he posed again But the teamster wanted the rest of his dinner himself and paid no attention to the shaggy intruder. The beggar, seeing that the teamster was no longer aware of his presence, snorted sharply two or three times and walked back and forth across the road as if reconnoitering the situation. Presently he growled, but the teamster, thinking that the beast would go away if he got nothing further, continued his meal

The bear ventured near and finally climbed up the load of bark at the hind end of the wagon The man was unpleasantly surprised at this movement of Bruin's, as he was wholly unarmed.

Accordingly he threw a bit of pork into the road, at the same time yelling to the bear to direct its attention to the meat. The bear dropped down and went and picked it up, but as soon as it was swallowed and there was no more forthcoming he made no other charge upon the wagon

The teamster started the mules onward, but knew that he could not hope to escape with his heavy load of bark An idea struck him He would coax the bear on by feeding the lunch to him until they should come to a friend's house a mile or two along the road Then he would get a gun and shoot the old fellow

The teamster sat on the bark, facing backward, his big dinner bucket in hand When the bear came up with the wagon and threatened to climb upon the load the teamster tossed out a piece of pork. The supply of this edible was limited, so he tossed the beast a slice of bread, which fell butter side up. Bruin nosed it, then licked the butter off and left it.

The next slice fell butter side down, and the bear ignored it Boiled eggs and cheese fared the same. Bruin wanted pork. The teamster dealt this out in small bits, which failed to satisfy, and the bear was growing ugly and aggressive.

At length the teamster saw his friend at work in a field and called to him to run for his gun The man seemed to realize the state of the case and set off on a dead run for his house, a quarter of a mile distant. But the supply of pork was out before he returned, and the poor teamster was in a sorry plight.

The bear climbed upon the load. The teamster tossed him the last piece of pork and then jumped from his wagon and tore down the road Bruin, probably thinking that the teamster was dealing with a stock of coveted pork, started after him The terrified man had a fair start, but he stumbled over a stone and fell full length, and the bear was close upon him when there came the loud report of a gun

The friend had come at last. The teamster rose and looked round. There lay his late pursuer in the road, dead The teamster declared that never again would he fool with a bear —Harper's Weekly.

They Bumped.

A true happening which has been made the subject of a cartoon occurred at a fashionable golf club near London A young man interested in golf solely for the sake of the social atmosphere one day decided to play a round So he sauntered leisurely down to the caddy house, where he met a certain peppery lord Not knowing the gentleman and barely looking at him, the somewhat foppish youth asked, "Are you the caddy master here?" Without an instant's hesitation Lord — replied, "No, I am not, but I happen to know that he is not in need of any caddies this afternoon." It was some time before either recovered.—Boston Transcript.

Tongue Could Tell.

"Last night, George, you told me you loved me more than tongue could tell and, oh, George, that wasn't true!"

"Why, darling, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it wasn't more than my little brother's tongue could tell. He heard it all!"

Ill patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules —Locke

WRIGGLING SIGNS.

How the Movable Effect Is Obtained In Electrical Designs.

A great many electric signs are of the moving type Walk down most any city street after dark and you will see many illuminated signs of novel and interesting design Here a long red and blue snake seems to be wiggling from the street to the top of a building. On the other side a wheel is rapidly revolving, below it yellow smoke is issuing in clouds from a huge brown cigar. There is also a large theater sign which suddenly dashes into view, only to disappear after an interval long enough to read it.

It is quite puzzling to the ordinary pedestrian to explain the wonderful light effects It is apparent that the light is obtained from electricity, but this is about all that is understood. In such signs as where a snake seems to be wriggling along, a cat chases a rat, words that spell themselves letter by letter and in all other similar signs the effect is produced by a mechanical device called a "flasher," which lights the tiny electric sign lamps in the order required to produce the effect. This flasher is driven by a tiny motor.

The flasher is made up of a number of fingers, and each finger drops in its turn upon a metal plate that is electrically connected with a certain letter or series of letters, or, in the case of the snake or rat chasers, with certain bulbs. The flasher is driven rapidly, and in this way the snake can be speeded around its course very swiftly. Where the only effect desired is a sign in which one letter is illuminated at a time the flasher becomes a much simpler device, but in all cases the underlying principle is the same.—New York Tribune.

Helping the Coffee.

Some of the coffee sold roasted and ground causes complaint. Most of it can be improved a little. Trouble seems to be that it is not roasted enough and needs another touch of fire. You know the less it is roasted the more it weighs. Put a couple or tablespoonfuls in a seamless agate quart stewpan or cup and set it on the stove, gas or blue flame and shake it while it gets another scant parching, never letting it get hot enough to smoke or scorch. Set it aside till it gets cold and then pour on the water and finish up in the regular way.—New York Press.

Didn't Hit Him.

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness in his journal he writes: "I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the day of judgment. One asked, 'Do you not hear what the doctor says?' He answered, 'Yes, but I am not of his parish.'"

His Early Promise.

"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have a natural bent in any one direction?"

"Yes, sir," said the teacher. "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."—Chicago Tribune.

Just Our Luck.

Williams — This is a queer world. Walker — Right you are. A man's shoes will often get untied, but never just as he is ready to take them off.—Judge.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES. Liveryman.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1911,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No 3166, being Lot No 100 on Holmes street, bounded and described as follows. Beginning at the southwest corner of Holmes and Turnhill Streets, thence by the South line of Holmes Street 60 feet from the center line thereof) north 70 degrees east 60 feet to a post; thence at right angles thereto by lot No 102 south 20 degrees east 145 feet to a post; thence parallel to said street south 70 degrees west 60 feet to the east line of Turnhill street; thence by the east line of said street north 20 degrees west 145 feet to the place of beginning. Containing 8700 square feet, more or less. Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Nellie M. Byham, C. W. Byham and Joseph A. Schmidt, terre tenant, at suit of D. H. Clark.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house.

V. B. Bouton, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate, lying being in the Sixth Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point in the North line of land of A. J. Edgett, thirty-two (32) feet westerly from the southeast corner of what is known as the "Kendall Creek Cheese Factory lot" on the south side of East Main Street, thence northerly parallel with the easterly line of said Cheese Factory Lot to a point one hundred and seventy-five (175) feet from the south line of East Main Street; thence westerly parallel with the south line of East Main Street, thirty-two (32) feet to a point; thence southerly parallel with the easterly line of said Cheese Factory Lot, ninety (90) feet more or less, to land of A. J. Edgett; thence easterly along said Edgett land, thirty-two (32) feet to the place of beginning. Together with the right of way over and upon Field Court, in Alley eight (8) feet wide, lying north of the above described land thirty-two (32) feet long, thence northerly over the course now being used to East Main Street. Being same land and premises conveyed to Jay M. Barrett, by Annie E. Kline and husband, by deed dated January 30, 1906, and recorded in office of Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Vol No 150 at page 261, etc

Improved and having thereon one frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Jay M. Barrett at suit of Anna Stack, Executrix of Mrs. J. N. Geiger, deceased

F. W. Hastings, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No 3210 being lot "E" Fisk Avenue, bounded and described as follows. Beginning at a driven iron pipe in the east line of Park Avenue three hundred and fifty feet (350 feet) north of the northeast corner of Park Avenue and Maple Street; thence by Park Avenue north 20 degrees east 50 feet; thence by the east line of Park Avenue (thirty feet from the center line thereof) north fifty feet (N 50 feet) to another driven iron pipe; thence by land formerly conveyed to Bliss in lot "D" east one hundred forty-nine and three-tenths (149.3 ft) to the alley and three feet (3 ft) wide southeast corner thereof; thence by the northeast corner of lot "E"; thence by west line of same fifty feet (fifty ft) wide to the place of beginning. Containing seventy-five hundredths (.75 ft) to the northeast corner of lot "E"; west one hundred and fifty feet (150 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing seventy-five hundred (7500) square feet, more or less and having thereon erected two two-story frame dwelling houses.

Being the same premises which the Kane Estate by Thomas L. Kane, Trustee, by his deed dated the 5th day of April, 1910, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in Deed Book page

The flasher is driven by a tiny motor granted and conveyed unto Joe Strano mortgagor above named as by reference to which the same will more fully and at large appears.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Joe Strano at suit of State Capital Savings & Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

Thos J. Dolphin, J. W. Swartz, Plaintiff's Attorneys

4

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of ground situated in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the east side of Elk Avenue one hundred (100) feet north of the northwest corner of the said Elk Avenue and Beech Street, thence north along the east line of said Elk Avenue one hundred feet; thence east parallel with said Beech street one hundred ninety-five (195) feet to a twenty (20) feet wide alley, thence south along the west side of said twenty (20) feet wide alley one hundred (100) feet; thence west parallel with said Beech street one hundred ninety-five (195) feet to the place of beginning. Containing nineteen thousand five hundred (19,500) square feet of land, more or less, and known as Lot No. 78 Having and having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house

Being the same premises which Alfred R. Wiggin, Executor of the Estate of Geo F. Wiggin, deceased, and C. H. R. Trick by their deed dated February 21st 1905, by their deed dated February 21st 1905, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of Deed Book Vol 82, page 20 granted and conveyed unto Andrew Reddell, mortgagor above named, as by reference to which same will more fully and at large appears.

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Andrew Reddell at suit of State Capital Savings & Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa

Thos J. Dolphin, J. W. Swartz, Plaintiff's Attorneys

5

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate in the Township of Wetmore, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania part of Warrant No 230 bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a post in the east line of Pennsylvania Avenue nine hundred and twenty (920) feet south of the northeast corner of Pine and Pennsylvania Avenues; thence by the east line of Pennsylvania Avenue south fifty (50) feet to a post, thence by lot No 14 east one hundred and forty (140) feet to a post, thence parallel to said Avenue north fifty (50) feet to a post; thence by lot No 10 west one hundred and forty (140) feet to the place of beginning, and containing seven thousand (7000) square feet, the same more or less Improvements, a two story frame dwelling house and addition

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John Oakes at suit of Dennis C. Smith, now use Adelbine M Cutler

W. J. Young, Plaintiff's Attorney

6

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No 2580 of Sub-Division No 382, being part of Lot No 48 on the East side of Elk Avenue as per plan of lots surveyed by M J Hill in 1900, and bounded and described as follows Beginning at a post in the east line of Elk Avenue one hundred feet north from the northeast corner of Elk Avenue and Poplar Street; thence along the east line of Elk Avenue north fifty (50) feet to a post, thence east, parallel with Poplar Street, one hundred thirty-five (135) feet to a post, thence south parallel with Elk Avenue, fifty (50) feet to a post, thence west, parallel with Poplar Street, one hundred thirty-five (135) feet to the place of beginning Containing six thousand seven hundred and fifty square feet of land, more or less Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house

Being the same premises which Aaron Johnson, unmarried, by his deed dated August 12, 1910, to be recorded forthwith granted and conveyed unto Otto H. Nelson, mortgagor above named as by reference to which the same more fully and at large appears.

Seized taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Otto H. Nelson at suit of State Capital Savings & Loan Association of Harrisburg, Pa.

Thos J Dolphin, J W Swartz, Plaintiff's Attorneys

7

Defendant's interest in Part of Warrant No 3166, being lot No 29 on Clay Street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Clay Street, three hundred twenty-five feet northward of the northwest corner of Clay and Greeves Street; thence by the west line of Clay Street, thirty feet from the center line thereof, south twenty degrees east, sixty-five feet to a post; thence at right angles to said street, by lot No 27, south seventy degrees west, one hundred feet to a post; thence parallel to said street, north twenty degrees west, sixty-five feet to a post; thence at right angles to said street, by lot No. 31, north seventy degrees east, one hundred fifty feet to the place of beginning. Containing nine thousand seven hundred fifty square feet of land Having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house.

2 All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land, with a two-story frame dwelling house thereon, situate in Kane Borough, McKean County, Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3210, being lot No. 31 Pennsylvania Avenue, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, six hundred ten feet south of the southwest corner of Pine and Pennsylvania Avenues; thence by the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, thirty feet from the center line thereof, south fifty feet to a post; thence at a right angle thereto, west one hundred fifty feet to a post; thence parallel to Pennsylvania Avenue, north fifty feet to a post; thence by lot No. 29 east one hundred fifty feet to the place of beginning. Containing seven thousand five hundred square feet, more or less

3. Beginning at a point three hundred twenty feet from the west side of Dawson Street and two hundred ten feet from the north side of Greeves Street; thence south, seventy degrees west, forty feet; thence north, twenty degrees west, one hundred ten feet; thence north, seventy degrees east, forty feet; thence south, twenty degrees east, one hundred ten feet, to the place of beginning. Containing forty four hundred square feet, more or less, being part of Warrant No 3210 on Moffitt Alley) Improved and having thereon erected one two story double, frame dwelling house and one single story frame dwelling house.

4. All that certain tract or parcel of land situate in Kane Borough, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows. Beginning at a point in the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, four hundred sixty feet south of the intersection of Pennsylvania Avenue and Pine Avenues, and likewise one hundred feet south of the southwest corner of Hemlock and Pine Avenues, thence by the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, thirty feet from the center line thereof, south one hundred fifty feet to a post; thence by lot No. 29 west one hundred fifty feet to a post; thence by lot No. 26, east one hundred fifty feet to the place of beginning Containing fifteen thousand square feet, more or less Being lots Nos. 25 and 27, as surveyed by F. L. Paine in October 1909 Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house

5 All that certain tract of parcel of land situate in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows Part of Warrant No 3210, being lot No 29 on the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, five hundred sixty feet south of the southwest corner of Pennsylvania and Pine Avenues, likewise two hundred feet south of the southwest corner of Pennsylvania and Hemlock Avenues, thence by the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, thirty feet from the center line thereof, south fifty feet; thence at right angle thereto, west one hundred fifty feet; thence parallel with said Avenue, north fifty feet; thence by lot No 27 east one hundred fifty feet to the place of beginning, Containing seven thousand five hundred square feet, more or less Improved and having thereon erected one two story, double, frame dwelling house

6 All that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows Beginning at a point in the east line of Pennsylvania Avenue four hundred twenty feet southerly from the northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Pine Avenue; thence by the west line of Pennsylvania Avenue, thirty feet from the center line thereof, south one hundred fifty-five feet to a post; thence at right angles to Pennsylvania Avenue, east one hundred forty feet to a post; thence by lot No 28, north one hundred fifty-five feet to a post; thence by lot No 29, west one hundred forty feet to the place of beginning Containing six thousand two hundred square feet, more or less Improved and having thereon erected one two story frame dwelling house

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of George W. Hallwell at suit of W. S. Calderwood, Cashier.

Huey & Hubbard Plaintiff's Attorneys.

WM H MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 22, 1911

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

of

The Hamlin Bank & Trust Company of Smethport, Pa., Main Street, of McKean County, Pennsylvania, at the close of business Nov 6, 1911

RESOURCES

Reserve fund		
Cash Specie and Notes	$14 27 5	
Due from Approved Re		
serve Agents	27 47 71	
Legal securities as per	27 00 0	$1073 68
Nickels and cents		1 71 77
Checks and cash items		1191 55
Due from Banks and Trust Co		1108 01
not in reserve		
Assets held for sec		
Commercial paper purchased		7857 18
or two or more names		3871 00
Loans upon call with collateral		2003 24
Time loans with collateral		
Loans secured		4800 00
Loans without collateral		1 0 47 14
U S Stocks at		50250 0
Mortgages and judgments of re		
ord		2 0 0 00
Banking building and lot		17511 94
Furniture and fixtures		2000 00
Expenses and taxes paid		1 0 1 21
Premiums on U S Bonds		
Book value of reserve securities		1 1 , 0 0
Checks for		3 0 0
Total		$88547 21

LIABILITIES

Capital stock paid in	$20000 00
Surplus fund	10000 00
Undivided profits less expenses	
and taxes paid	7040 85
Individual deposits subject to	
check exclusive of Trust funds	
and Savings	22028 85
Deposits special time, exclusive	
of Trust funds and Savings	501 00 21
Deposits Commonwealth of	
Pennsylvania	17000 00
Treasurer's and Certified Checks	
outstanding	197 70
Total	$88547 21

Corporate Trusts

Total amount of (par value)	
of Trusts under deeds of trust	
or mortgages executed by Cor-	
porations to the Company as	
Trustee to secure issues of cor-	
porate bonds, including	
Equipment Trusts	$ 65000 00

State of Pennsylvania, County of McKean, ss:

I, Ralph E Burdick, Treasurer of the above named Company do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief

(Signed) RALPH E BURDICK Treasurer

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of November, 1911

(Signed) HALLIE A WALKER Notary Public

(Notarial Seal)

Correct Attest:

(Signed) JAS A McKEAN,

(Signed) CHAS McKEAN,

(Signed) F D GALLUP,

Directors

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No 46 June Term 1911

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas, Birdie Ringrose did on the 8th day of March, 1911, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Verna P. Galvin

We therefore command you, the said Verna P Galvin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Birdie Ringrose, and show cause if any you have, why the said Verna P Galvin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H MORRISON, Sheriff

Smethport, Pa., November 16, 1911.

Gallup & Shattuck, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

No 25 June Term 1911

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County greeting

Whereas, Maud S. Mott did on the 14th day of March 1911 prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Alexis J Mott.

We therefore command you, the said Alexis J Mott that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Maud S Mott and show cause if any you have, why the said Maud S Mott, your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM H MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport Pa November 16 1911

D. H. Clark & Son, Libellant's Attys

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

No 75, February Term 1910

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, greeting:

Whereas Jeremiah Galvin did on the 20th day of June, 1910, prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes herein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Verna P. Galvin.

We therefore command you, the said Verna P. Galvin, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the second Monday in December, next, to answer the petition or libel of Jeremiah Galvin and show cause if any you have, why the said Jeremiah Galvin, your husband, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided Herein fail not.

A true copy.

WM. H MORRISON, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa November 16, 1911.

F D Gallup, Libellant's Atty.

NOTICE.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the Office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the second Monday of December, A D 1911:

First and Final account of Emile Stenger Guardian of Alice L Stenger, late a minor child, of Ernest Stenger, deceased

First, Final and Distribution account of Albert Stohr, Guardian of Charles F. Seeley Jr, late a minor child of Charles E Seeley, deceased

First and Final account of Edwin E. Tait Guardian of Benjamin F. Hazelton, late a minor child of B F. Hazelton, deceased

First and Final account of C. B. Dickinson Administrator of the estate of Helen M Ellwood deceased

First and Final account of Jessie C Folger Executrix of the last will and testament of A J Edgett, deceased

First and Final account of R. W. Edgett and Helen E Willis, Administrators of the estate of Robert L Edgett deceased, who was one of the executors of the last will and testament of A L Edgett, deceased

First and Final account of R. W. Edgett and Helen E Willis administrators of the estate of Robert L Edgett deceased.

Second and Final account of M. L Willis Administrator of the estate of Elmer S L Dashiell, deceased

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register

Smethport, Pa November 11 1911

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS

a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop,

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

53-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa,

ON THANKSGIVING DAY

your turkey will taste better and you will relish your dinner better if you take the precaution to see that your wines are of the proper standard. You can easily insure this by procuring them of me. My name on a bottle of any kind of wine or liquor is a guarantee that it is of the highest quality and excellence.

F. H. HUNGIVILLE,

Wholesale Liquors,